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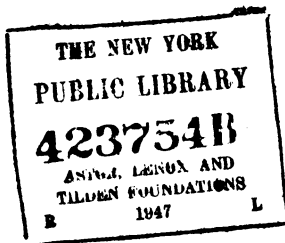
E A R N E S T.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“MUSINGS OF AN INVALID,” “FANCIES OF A WHIMSI-
CAL MAN,” ETC.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN S. TAYLOR.
1853.

MRS



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1952, by
JOHN S. TAYLOR,
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District of New York.

JOHN J. REED, Printer,
No. 16 Spruce-Street.

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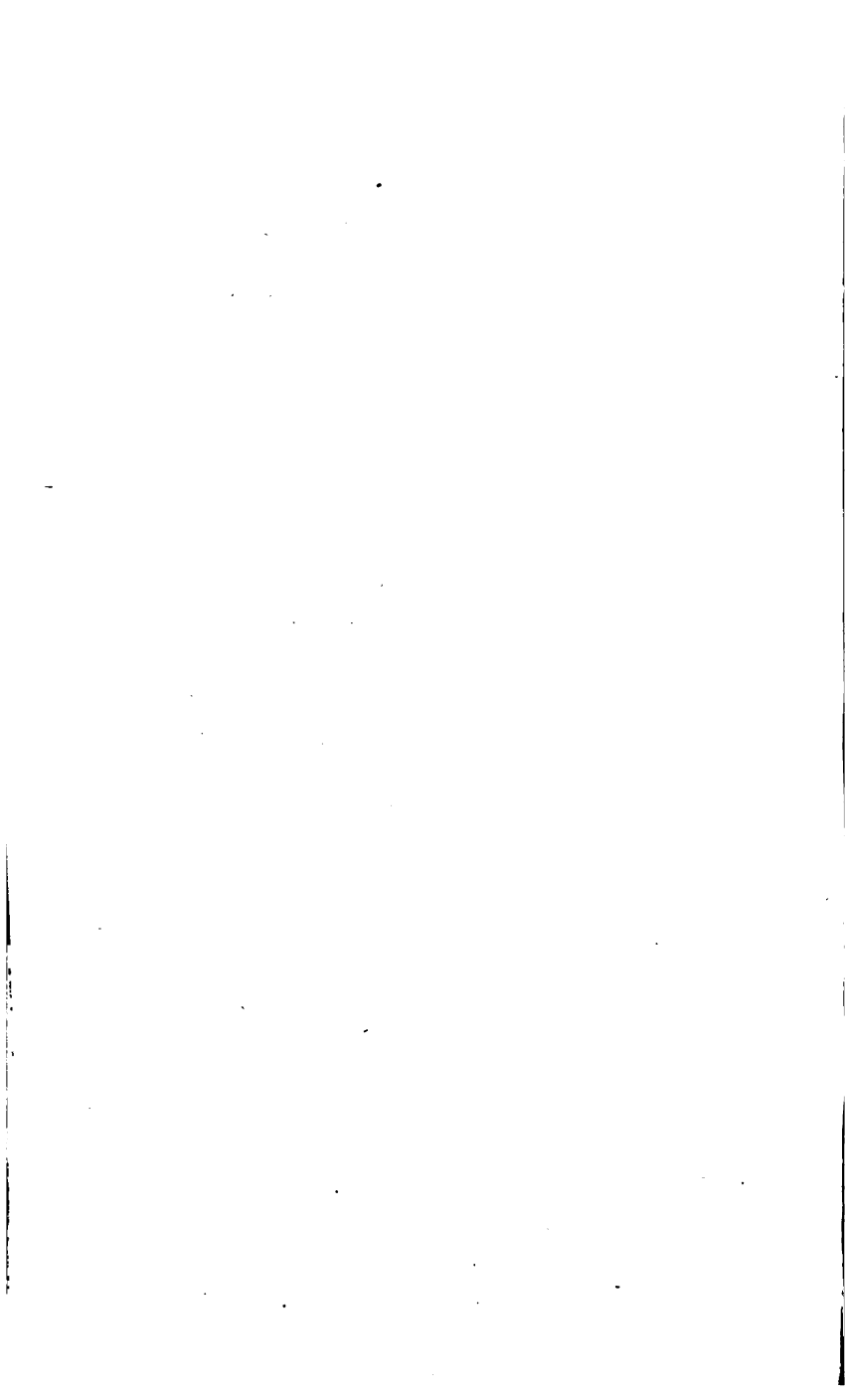
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FUN AND EARNEST.

FOURTH OF JULY.

THE light of another National Birth-day has dawned upon us. Already have the booming canons, and the merry bells proclaimed its advent, and even now, thousands of rusty horse-pistols, myriads of Lilliputian field-pieces, and countless multitudes of squibs, are circulating the glad tidings in all directions.

Holloa! what *are* those boys about in the next yard? The young scamps! they are actually fastening a pack of crackers to the tail of an astounded, infuriated tom-cat. 'Tis done, at last, in spite of all the heroic struggles and vocal exercises of their victim. And now they make for a vacant hogshead, hard by, and as the younger boy applies the torch, the elder prepares to throw in the martyr. Ah! *there's* mu-

sic for you! What a brilliant treble on the part of the bewildered mouser! what a spirited staccato movement, on the part of the squibs! The *Marche Marocaine* was nothing to it. A sudden silence ensues. The senior mischief-maker now ventures to peep into the scene of action; to the earnest inquiries of the other, he simply respondeth O. K. They proceed straightway to cant over the hogshead. Out rolls the dejected cat, and, without stopping to investigate whys or wherefores, rushes, with lightning-like velocity, to the nearest place of refuge. Meanwhile, shouts of laughter attest the wicked glee of the young vagabonds.

Precious manifestation of youthful patriotism! Sacred love of native land!

Some bilious cynic may, perhaps, question the propriety of the above faithfully reported transaction; may even insinuate that it hath far more to do with Despotism, than with Liberty; that it savors more of Nicholas than of Kossuth; of the Thirty Tyrants, than of Thrasybulus.

Well, I confess I do *not* altogether see its connection with the sentiments of Jefferson's immortal paper. But, then again, what is there in that document to justify many *other* usages of the day? What is there in it to keep in countenance the terrible demolition of roast pig, and the fearful swilling

down of ginger pop, that are sure to come off, especially on the part of our country cousins, between this and sunset? What significance or appropriateness have these dainties, upon this occasion? Hot cross buns, at Easter, tell their own blessed story; so do pancakes, on St. Joseph's day—dear old fritter-frier that he was; parched corn, too, on Pilgrim-day; but wherefore pig and pop, on our great national jubilee? What have they to do with Bunker Hill or Yorktown; with the all-glorious Fourth, any more than with ever memorable and beautiful Evacuation-Day?

These are, indeed, most curious, most important inquiries. Let me surrender them to abler and wiser pens.

Ah! what have we here? *New York Evening Star*, July 5th, 2076. What sorcery is this? What vile emissary of Satan is trifling thus with my weak nerves? I shiver, as I open it. But listen to the leader:

“Yesterday was, indeed, an ever-to-be-remembered day, in our annals! The heavens smiled most graciously upon it, too. A cloudless, brilliant morning ushered in the fourth century of the Nation. Never did the big guns speak forth more grandly, while ten thousand iron tongues gave back their glad response, from all the domes and towers of the metropolis.

At an early hour, the streets were alive, thronged with citizens, and strangers from all lands. Never have we seen such a well-dressed, well-behaved, and withal happy, joyous looking multitude. The parade was, beyond all precedent, magnificent. No less than a hundred and twenty thousand citizen soldiers turned out in honor of the occasion; all as fine looking and well disciplined fellows as ever waved a sword, or handled a musket. The Grand Review, in Metropolitan Park, was of course *the* feature of the day. A most superb spectacle, indeed! what with the beautiful sky overhead, the venerable trees gently stirred by the breeze, the sparkling fountains, the noble buildings in all directions, dressed out in flags and garlands, and crowded with gay spectators, the infinitely varied and brilliant uniforms of the troops, the marvellous precision of their movements; altogether, it was a sight which might well gladden the eyes, and cheer the heart of every true patriot. Babylon never beheld aught like it, in the zenith of her glory, nor Rome, nor royal London herself. That was a grand idea, too, that prayer at the close. The breathless silence, the long lines of troops, all kneeling; the sudden and statue-like stillness of the vast multitude; and then the fluttering of that forest of plumes, and the glittering of their arms, as the soldiers rose instantaneously to their

feet. But we will not presume to describe the scene, nor the effect of that glorious Hymn of Thanksgiving, in which the whole people joined chorus, accompanied and sustained as it was by the combined music of those admirable bands. While listening to the inspiring strains of the anthem, we could not resist the thought, Ah, if the blessed Pater Patræ, and his illustrious associates, could look down now, on this brilliant, this joyous spectacle ; this magnificent consummation of all their toils and trials !

Though there must have been at least four millions of people in circulation through the day, we have not as yet heard of a single eye lost, or arm broken, or indeed of any accident of any kind. That there must have been some few stray drunkards, and blackguards, and pickpockets in such a throng, was to be expected ; but, as a whole, the celebration was singularly creditable, alike to the patriotism, taste, and morals of our fellow-citizens.

There were numerous displays of fire-works in different quarters of the city. Decidedly the most brilliant were those in Madison Square. All the changes were admirable, but that final tableau, if we may call it so, representing the Falls of Niagara, was an inimitable piece. How one element could thus be made to personate another, with such marvellous *vraisemblance*, was indeed a puzzler. In this connec-

tion, we can hardly resist quoting the criticism of a neighbor in the crowd of gazers: 'The fellow that turned out that piece of work,' said he, 'can beat Beelzebub, and give him six.' We hardly knew, indeed, which most to admire, this wonderful specimen of Pyrotechny, or the previous illumination in the same Square and neighborhood. Each was charming in its way. The façade of our magnificent Town Hall certainly never showed to more advantage than it did last night, with its brilliant robe of diamonds, while the superb dome behind it seemed a perfect family-gathering of stars. That noble old pile, too, Columbia College, looked like a regular fairy palace, while its neighbors, Trinity chapel and St. Patrick's, outshone themselves. But it is not for us humble, and ever hurrying chroniclers, to do justice to such a sight. Had that fine old poet of ours been alive now to have witnessed it, *he* who wrote the Culpit Fay, and whose verse has added new lustre to our glorious flag, his sparkling fancy would have fitly described a spectacle so gorgeous. But such bards are not to be found every century, and when they *do* come, the angels seem very anxious to hurry them away from us, as in his case.

We did not have the pleasure of hearing the orator of the day. His Address will be found on our first page."

I wonder what said orator has to say for himself. The *Editor* seems sufficiently magnificent. What must the other be? Sweeter, windier, emptier than one of ——'s cream puffs, I reckon. And yet, *what* an occasion, what a theme for a true orator! Let's see :

“ But, fellow-citizens, while thus dwelling, with delight and pride, upon our own unparalleled progress in all that appertains unto national prosperity and renown, we may also gaze with pleasure upon the cheering picture which all the quarters of the globe present to the philanthropist. The sure and steady progress of liberal principles in Europe; the deep and abiding impression made by American civilization upon the Asiatic continent; the redemption of all the lovely islands of the Pacific from the cruel rites and degrading influences of superstition; the mighty and blessed results of African colonization; —all these are themes which might well and fitly employ our thoughts, on the present occasion. But I may not linger upon them. I may not stop to speak to you of happy, republican England; of the majestic and beneficent constitutional systems of Austria and Russia; of thrifty, happy, light-hearted France, basking in the sunshine of liberal institutions; of Spain, with her replenished treasury, her cheerful industry, her daily growing commerce; or of the once more

young and flourishing Italian republics. I may not pause to dwell upon the amazing progress of both hemispheres in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, in all the arts and sciences, that adorn and dignify life; of the infinitely multiplied inventions and contrivances, especially of the last century, that have brought so many of the comforts, nay, luxuries of life, to the door of the humblest cottage, while they have enabled wealth to gratify every fond wish of its heart, every caprice, almost, of its fancy; by the aid of which, we may beard the polar cold in its own dreary den, and make unto ourselves cool breezes, in the very heart of the parched tropics. Still less, may I enlarge upon the moral and religious aspects, and prospects of the age. Is it not delightful, indeed, to behold Catholicism and Protestantism forgetting their old feuds, and working together thus harmoniously and gloriously, for the benefit of the race? The former, stripped of its terrors, and its cumbersome robes of state, but still decked out in all the charms that art and sentiment can give it; the latter, relaxing its wrinkled brow and uncompromising sternness, and calling in the aid of beauty and taste, to enforce its precious precepts. What glorious results may we not expect from this blessed union of forces!

“ One hundred and twenty-five years ago, this day, fellow citizens, did the last company of emancipated slaves leave this port, for the shores of Africa. Ever memorable and blessed be that day, in our annals ! Who of us, indeed, hath not read with delight the glowing description of that scene, as it is set forth in the pages of our great historian ! Who cannot hear even now the shouts of joy, mingled with the praises and benedictions of the assembled thousands, as that stately procession of steamers went forth upon its errand of justice and of love ? Glorious consummation of that most difficult and fearful of problems, that, far more than all others put together, tried the patience, and temper, and patriotism of our ancestors ! Ample, noble satisfaction unto our injured brethren of Africa, for all the wrongs that cruel cupidity had inflicted upon them ! ‘ It would seem,’ says Wilson, speaking upon this point, ‘ as if the great stumbling-block, after all, in the way of this momentous experiment, had been of a financial character. It is evident from the records of the day, that the angry passions of the States had subsided ; that jealousies and objurgations had given way to a spirit of good will and sympathy, and that all sections of the Union were alike convinced of the necessity of one grand, harmonious, universal effort in the great cause. But the idea of entailing upon the nation

the enormous debt of nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars, was one they shrank back from in dismay. It seemed, for a time, to paralyze all their exertions, nay, threatened to stifle, even in its birth, this blessed conception of philanthropy. How idle seem these fears to *us*, in these prosperous days ! How small the price, for returns so glorious !

This passage, as you are well aware, fellow citizens, was written more than a half century ago, when a large portion of that same national debt still remained unpaid. With how much more force will its closing reflection apply to these palmy days of ours, when not a vestige of it remains, and when a loan of the same magnitude, if brought into the market to-morrow, would be eagerly absorbed by competing capitalists, before the setting of the sun !”

“ But, fellow citizens, let us never forget, in these times of peace, plenty, and prosperity, the solemn duties and obligations that devolve upon us. Let us do all that in us lies, to make this fourth century of our career, as honorable to the nation, and as beneficial to the race, as have been those that went before it. Ever mindful of our dependence upon a benignant Providence, let us not provoke the wrath of Heaven by our wantonness, or insolence. Let us keep high the standard of our faith, and ever clear and flowing

the fountains of our knowledge. Let us manfully turn our backs upon the follies and the vices that have been the ruin of so many mighty States. Above all, let us recur with ever affectionate veneration to the memories and examples of the great founders of our Republic; alike to that first mighty generation of Washington and his associates, who dedicated their counsels, treasures, life-blood to the sacred cause of Independence, and who constructed, with patience and skill unparalleled, the most wonderful political fabric ever reared; and to that second great generation of Webster and his illustrious compeers, the worthy sons of worthy sires, who as freely devoted their fervent hearts and mighty intellects to the labors of peace, and the cause of Union; the ever-memorable teachers, interpreters, champions of the Constitution! But, *need* I enforce this duty upon you, fellow citizens? Are not their names already familiar to our mouths as household words? Are not their images multiplied on canvass, and in bronze and marble, all over this broad and happy land?—Are not their great labors the guides and models of all our statesmen, their words of wisdom and patriotism, in the mouths of all our school-boys? Are they not, *will* they not be, engraven alike upon our histories, and our hearts, through all future generations? And when, alas, that fatal day arrives, (if it be, *in-*

deed, so written in the book of destiny,) when this mighty nation shall have declined and fallen to decay, and this busy continent have returned to its primitive silence and desolation, and this magnificent metropolis have become an unsightly heap, and the stately pile, from beneath whose sumptuous portico I am now speaking to this vast multitude, shall have become a ruin as sad and grand as the mighty Colosseum of old, even then will the memory of these great men survive, in unfading lustre, on the imperishable tablets of history; their example will continue to stimulate the zeal of the student, to kindle the imagination of the poet, to inspire the soul of the patriot in other lands, and through all time!"

There is a good deal more of the same sort, occupying some six columns of the colossal sheet in question. Rather flatulent, upon the whole. The orator's intentions seem to have been of the best, but unfortunately, the theme was too large for the man. In his convulsive efforts to grasp it, he cuts rather a distressing figure.

Ah, what have we here?

"A select party of seventy gentlemen, being one from each State in the Union, celebrated our glorious Anniversary yesterday with great spirit, at the venerable *Metropolitan Tavern*. We wish we were at liberty to give a detailed report of the many witty,

brilliant and beautiful things said on this occasion. The entertainment itself was in Leland's most superb style. One little incident occurred, which we cannot forbear mentioning. Some time after the removal of the cloth, the landlord presented to the company, in a very neat and touching speech, some wine which had been bottled by his illustrious ancestor, the same who inaugurated this famous hotel, in the year of grace 1852. The bottles looked, indeed, as if they had seen a great many generations of spiders pass off the stage. The reply made by our friend ———, preliminary to the toast in honor of the renowned old Boniface, was a rare combination of humor and pathos. We hope we shall yet be permitted to present it to our readers."

Heavens, what a *Marine List*! I find, by counting, that no less than seventy-five steamers (not to speak of a wilderness of sailing vessels) arrived at this port yesterday; more than half of them, foreign. What would the men of Jamestown and Plymouth have said to *this*? Among them, that magnificent six thousand tons steam-city (for she's almost as big as a smart Western town) the Winfield Scott, Comstock, commander, in twenty-three days from Japan, with two hundred passengers, among them the Mongolian Ambassador and suite. Sixty-five steamers left port also, for all parts of Christendom, though it *was* the Fourth.

Ah, there's a long black list of *Deaths* for you! A gay offset, to be sure, above it, in the way of *Marriages*. What's this? *Inspector's Report*. What, only 2,100 deaths last week? Who *dare* say New-York is not a healthy city, after this? To be sure, we have had an uncommonly cool, delightful summer thus far.

But what says the *Money Article*?

" *Sales at the Stock Exchange, July 5, 2076.*

10,000 U. S. 6's, 2080, - - -	124	500 Erie Railroad, - - -	210
5,000 " " 2090, - - -	125	400 " b.30, - - -	212
10,000 Chihuahua 5's, 2100, -	105	200 Santa Fe and Sonora R.R.,	94
4,000 Winnipeg, convert. '79,	98	100 " "	93
8,000 Zacatecas, 1st mortgage,	87	50 Oaxaca Coal Co., - - -	108
12,000 Athabasca Income 6's,	88	25 Tippecanoe & Tombigbee,	14
9,000 Albuquerque, conv., '87,	54	700 Reading, b.60, - - -	175
10,000 Labrador 5's, - - -	76	200 Memphramageg, - - -	84
2,000 Popocatepetel 7's, '88,	38	100 St. Louis and Saganaga, -	75
3,000 Pawnee 5's, '89, - - -	14	50 Baffin's Bay & Withlahookee	14

But I have not patience to read over one-twentieth part of the items. Almost as formidable a column follows of Second Board Transactions. Then we have the usual truthful summary.

" The Stock Market opened buoyant again to-day, and most descriptions operated in, advanced. The Bear movement in the new Tombigbee Convertibles was an entire failure. Similar results, also in Morris Canal, and in Guadalajara Railroad. The Bulls have carried all before them.

The steamers only brought us \$4,000,000, in specie. The Money Market continues easy, and the

supply of capital is very extensive. Bills on Paris are plenty at 4.85 *a* 4.80. Amsterdam 30 *a* 31.—Hamburgh 26 *a* 26 1-8. Tobolsk 20 *a* 21. Kamskatka 19 *a* 18. Jeddo 24 *a* 25. Timbuctoo 30 *a* 31. Feejee 18 *a* 20. Paramaribo 23 *a* 25, &c. &c. &c.”

Gracious, what a column of *Wants* ! What a formidable list of *Legal Notices*, too ! But where are the Insurance Advertisements ? Insurance ! Why, bless us, man, what part of the world do you come from, not to know that Fire and Marine Insurance were obsolete ideas, long ago ; almost as much so as a National Bank ; and as for Life Insurance, hath not public opinion long since repudiated it, as unprofitable, detrimental to the commonwealth ? Truly, you must have been taking a tenfold longer nap than Rip Van Winkle himself, to talk in this ante-diluvian fashion.

True, true. I stand convicted. To say truth, however, I *do* feel considerably bewildered, this blessed moment, as to my precise position, either in time or space. But what have we here ?

“ *From our St. Louis Correspondent.*

St. Louis, July 2, 2076.

MESSRS. EDITORS—

I arrived here yesterday, after a pleasant thirty-six hours' ride from San Francisco. We came over the road in fine style, without fatigue or detention. Every thing connected with this princely work seems

to be in perfect order, and most admirably regulated. We stopped half an hour at the Colorado Station, where Coleman gave us a glorious breakfast, and three-quarters at the Kansas Junction, for dinner. All the rest of the time we were bowling along right merrily, never making less than fifty miles an hour. Such roomy, luxurious cars, furnished with every comfort and convenience, that the most fastidious traveler could desire, (including a first rate barber's shop and reading room,) I have seen on no other road in the country. I am staying at the *Crittenden*, the *Hancock*, opposite, not being quite ready yet for company. When finished; it will be, unquestionably, *the* hotel of the planet.

Though hardly three days since the adjournment of Congress, there are scarcely as many members left in town. Delighted to be off, I dare say, after all the scolding, squabbling, President-making labors of the session. Confound these long sessions, they are frightfully expensive luxuries to the Nation.

Our friend —, by the way, from the Athabasca District, that enthusiastic advocate of mileage, and unfaltering champion of the franking privilege, is said to have been in such a hurry to return home to his electioneering duties, against the coming campaign, that he did not find time to pack his trunks or pay his bills.

Well, so the two Conventions have settled down at last, on Hobson and Fox. It is very evident that Hobson is the first choice of Missouri. I think I may say, of the whole West. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he ran away with ninety-nine hundredths of all the votes polled between the Pacific and the Rocky Mountains. I doubt, indeed, whether Fox has *any* real strength, west of the Alleghanies. The great battle is, of course, to be fought in the Valley of the Mississippi. We shall soon see, but unless I am wonderfully deceived, the Democratic hero of the Siberian War will beat the veteran Whig diplomatist completely off the field. Scandalous want of discernment in the people, to be sure! And yet, has it not been so always? Hasn't military glory, invariably, carried every thing before it, from the very foundation of the Government?

We had a test vote, in the cars, yesterday, with the following result: Hobson, 743: Fox, 198. It too faithfully foreshadows, I fear, the issues of the November campaign.

The President is suffering greatly from a severe neuralgic attack. His constitution, always delicate, is rapidly giving way, they say, before the overwhelming duties and responsibilities of his office. He leaves on Monday next, for the Cohahuila Springs, at the earnest solicitations of his friends. A month's

perfect repose is insisted upon by his doctors, if he wishes to see another 4th of March.

Our worthy host of the Crittenden introduced me, this morning, to Wilkins the artist. He seemed to be in fine health and spirits, and is to commence his labors forthwith, upon the dome of the National Library. The subject of this grand fresco, you are aware, is the Apotheosis of Washington. A glorious theme, indeed, and one that might well task the powers of the loftiest genius. He was good enough to show me the designs of some portions of the work. I was much struck with one group, being a part of a grand coming together of illustrious patriots of all ages and nations. Some might object, perhaps, to the disposition of the figures, and the apparent confusion of the costumes, as being a little too gay and *fancy-ball-ish* for the subject, but the life-like effect of the whole is marvellous. Here you see Aristides with his arm drawn through that of Old Zack; Harry of the West smiling most bewitchingly upon Publi-cola; then come the three grand, majestic, and withal somewhat sad countenances of Pericles, Burke, and Webster; then we have the three gallant soldier-statesmen, Marcellus, Wellington, and Scott, a most brilliant and felicitous combination; then comes Hamilton, apparently gazing with delighted eagerness upon the noble features of Epaminondas. Hard by is quite

a little cluster of fine faces, wherein those illustrious families, the Scipios, the Adams's, the Fabii, and the Chathams, figure conspicuously. As among the very finest of the heads, I would especially mention Calhoun, Timoleon, Jay, and the younger Brutus. But I must not go into farther details, for two excellent reasons; my own incompetence as a critic, and a merciful regard for your over-crowded columns.

I have just had a talk with Spriggins, who, I believe, we all agree, is the best versed in politics of any man in the Union. He gave me the following statement, embodying his views of the probable result in November. As his political prophecies have invariably become history, I herewith send it to you. I should be glad, if you can find room for it.

Electoral Vote—Nov. 5, 2076.

HOBSON.		FOX.	
West Canada.....	17	East Canada.....	15
Nova Scotia.....	12	Maine.....	12
New-Brunswick.....	8	Vermont.....	8
Labrador.....	3	Massachusetts.....	17
New-Hampshire.....	7	Rhode Island.....	4
New-York.....	45	Connecticut.....	9
Pennsylvania.....	30	New-Jersey.....	9
Virginia.....	20	Delaware.....	4
South Carolina.....	9	Maryland.....	10
Florida.....	5	North Carolina.....	12
Alabama.....	13	Georgia.....	13
Mississippi.....	12	Kentucky.....	16
Louisiana.....	9	Tennessee.....	15
Arkansas.....	6	North Utah.....	8
Ohio.....	32	Timpanogo.....	8
Indiana.....	19	Zacatecas.....	6

Illinois.....	20	Durango.....	5
Michigan.....	9	South Texas.....	7
Wisconsin.....	8		
Iowa.....	6		
Missouri.....	18		
South Utah.....	8		
East ".....	7		
West ".....	6		
North Minnesota.....	5		
South ".....	8		
East ".....	7		
West ".....	5		
Mandan.....	4		
Saskatchewan.....	3		
North Oregon.....	9		
South ".....	12		
North California.....	16		
South ".....	18		
North Texas.....	8		
East ".....	7		
West ".....	6		
Sonora.....	5		
Jalisco.....	8		
Chingarora.....	4		
Coahuila.....	6		
Chihuahua.....	5		
Yucatan.....	10		
Guatemala.....	6		
Costa Rica.....	5		
Cinaloa.....	6		
Tabasco.....	7		
Athabasca.....	4		
Winnipeg.....	4		
Wapiticacous.....	3		
Kooskooskee.....	4		
Okanaga.....	4		
Total.....	519	Total.....	172

It is barely possible, Spriggins adds, that Fox may get the votes of Labrador and Kooskooskee, and, on the other hand, he may lose Rhode Island and Zacatecas. The summing up would then read thus :—

For Hobson, 522; Fox, 169. But he will bet three hats to one, that all the other sixty-six States will go as above stated.

Ever yours, VERAX."

Holloa! four densely packed columns of Telegraphic Despatches, from all corners of creation! A regular day's job to get through them. That's a good arrangement, though, distributing them under the five heads of Commercial, Financial, Political, Meteorological, and Miscellaneous. Ah, there's nothing here to interest *me*. Grand speculative movement in Pork, at Cincinnati. Probable total loss of the Timbuctoo Peach Crop. Great Gathering of Publishers and Booksellers at the Mozambique Trade Sales. Suspension of the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank of Maracaybo. Spirited Fox Demonstration at Caughnawaga. Tremendous Gathering of the Masses at Ning-po. Frightful Whirlwind at Rio Janeiro. Unprecedented Success of the Ethiopian Serenaders at Nova Zembla. Destruction of the Owhyhee Opera House by Fire, etc., etc., etc. Precious collection of facts, to suit all palates and professions! How much more valuable reading, this, than Hume, or Gibbon! What *wouldnt* Abraham have given, or Isaac, or Jacob, to have been well posted up in all these things!

But what's this ?

(Letter from Irkutsk.)

IRKUTSK, June 17, 2076.

GENTLEMEN :—I drop you a few hasty lines, to announce my safe arrival, last night, at this interesting spot. I can hardly realize that it is only a fortnight since I bade you good bye in Wall-street. We had a pretty rough passage to St. Petersburg, unusually so for the season. I found the rail road a most delightful change, I assure you. We made very fair time, being a very little over two days, in coming over 2100 miles. We should have come faster, but they are relaying the road, in several places, which occasioned some three or four hours' detention. There is nothing specially interesting on it, till you reach the Ural Mountains. Here the hard work, and fine scenery both begin. Much as I had heard of it, the tunnel far surpassed my expectations. It is indeed a stupendous, glorious piece of work.—Equally admirable are those two princely bridges over the Obi and Yenesei Rivers. An American can't help feeling a little proud, when he thinks how many such specimens as these there are of the genius of his countrymen, in all quarters of the globe. I am stopping at the Irving House. It is well kept, and the landlord particularly attentive. I was pleas-

ed to see your paper at the Exchange Reading Room; also the Bay State Democrat, the Oswego Palladium, the Toledo Blade, and several other of our good old journals. It is right airy weather, for the middle of June. I don't believe they are *ever* much troubled with mosquitoes here. Jack Frost, however, is, I reckon, a most able and efficient substitute, in the way of biting. You were mistaken, by the way, in supposing that the next World's Fair is to be held here. Irkutsk is a fine, flourishing town, it is true, but it will be some years yet, before it can lay claim to that high honor. But I must stop here, if I mean to catch to-day's mail. In my next, though, look out for breakers. I mean to overwhelm you with statistics of all sorts. I send you herewith a copy of to-day's Irkutsk Vox Populi, and the Report of Major Jno. Downing, the Engineer of the Pekin & Irkutsk Road.

Ever and sincerely yours,

GENGIS KHAN.

What next?

(Extract from our Saratoga Letter.)

SARATOGA, July 3d, 2076.

"Owing to the unusual coolness of the season, we are filling up here very slowly. Last year at this time, we had more than fifty thousand guests. At present there are hardly thirty thousand. This

house (I mean, of course, the venerable, the unrivalled United States,) is about half full. Eighteen hundred sat down to dinner to-day. In old-fashioned times, I dare say, that would have been considered a pretty good-sized table. Our landlord don't think so, though. Neither he nor his servants will be in right tip-top spirits, till our forces are doubled. But I doubt whether his expectations will be realized.— There is evidently less travel than usual, this summer. Only fifteen hundred came up the river with us yesterday, on the Fenimore Cooper. Then again, the Horticultural Fair at Valparaiso will draw off crowds, that would otherwise be here, or at Newport.

We had a pleasant little hop last night. Decidedly the belle of the evening was a young Persian girl, a most bewitching, dangerous creature, I assure you. Her father was with her; an old nabob from Ispahan; a pleasant, courteous gentleman as one could wish to meet at a watering-place. He volunteered to tell me, in the course of conversation, that he had laid the foundation of his immense fortune, in the successful introduction into Persia of our famous Newtown pippin. So complete a hit was his experiment, he says, that his first cargo of this delightful fruit netted him more than a hundred dollars per barrel. The statement, I confess, startled me, but I am convinced that he is a truthful, conscientious man."

"I couldn't help wishing to-day, while playing with my fork, in the somewhat unreasonably long interval between the soup and fish, that I was a youngster again, with all a youngster's freshness of feeling.—How I should enjoy the scene! The animation, the clatter would be delicious. Above all, how I should relish that Grande Entrée of waiters! Even as it was, I looked, not without interest, at those three hundred tidy, sprightly fellows, in their snow-white jackets and aprons, as they marched up the hall in orderly array, dish in hand, with their gallant commander at their head, and then filed off, with unparalleled promptness and precision, to their respective posts. Leonidas, and *his* three hundred, never could have looked half so impressive! And then again, when the dessert was the subject of the same military manœuvres. Oh, how prettily did those three hundred small puddings strike the table together, and those shallow pies likewise! But I must not give way to my feelings, or trifle thus with your columns.

The Committee have fixed upon the 12th of August for the Grand Fancy Ball, being the 237th of the series. Think of that! Oh, Lord, I wonder where the men and women are, who danced at the first!—What, what would mine host Marvin say, that fa-

mous old landlord of the nineteenth century, who laid the foundations of this princely establishment, and inaugurated these brilliant festivals, what *would* the old gentleman say, if he could peep in upon us, next month, and see how we of the twenty-first, manage these matters ! I was looking at his monument this very day. It certainly is a grand one, and wonderfully well preserved, when one thinks how many, many wintry storms have beat upon it !

Yours ever,

VIATOR."

(*Editorial Correspondence.*)

BOSTON, July 3, 2076.

I cannot resist sending you a few lines this morning, from this charming old metropolis. It is more than ten years since my last visit, and so I was determined, when I fairly got here, to make a good week of it, enjoying its delightful hospitalities, and renewing my acquaintance with the glorious past. Boston ! *clarum et venerabile nomen* ! What American's heart does not beat more proudly within him, as he paces its historic streets, and gazes upon their time-stained edifices, crowded as they are with august memories and spectres, everlastingly associated as they are with the great men and the great

deeds that inaugurated this magnificent Republic ! Whose love of liberty and of union does not become more fervent, whose zeal for the welfare and the purity of the nation, and for the perpetuation of its power and renown, does not become a hundred fold more intense, as he wanders amongst and fondly lingers over these classic spots, these sacred scenes, that tell us of the toils, and struggles, and triumphs of our fathers. How beautifully, too, are they intermingled with the stately dwellings and sumptuous structures of their descendants ! A Roman, in the palmy days of Augustus, looking down from the princely porticos of the Palatine, upon the superb spectacle beneath and around him, might well have had a proud, joyous feeling at his heart ; might well have been pardoned for using strong and glowing language ; but my friend, what, what could his emotions have been, compared with those of the American, who, from the cupola of the venerable State House, or the holy summit of Bunker's Hill, surveys the matchless panorama at his feet, crowded as it is with the trophies of the past, and the splendid realities of the present ! And the effect of such scenes and influences upon the deportment and character of the people here, is most marked and striking. There certainly *is* a gravity and dignity about this town, and about one's feelings while in it, that

we sadly lack in our own gay, fascinating, brilliant metropolis.

I am stopping at the Tremont, preferring it, true antiquarian that I am, to its grander and more showy neighbors. Its plain old granite face, and simple Doric porch, to be sure, contrast strikingly with the elaborate marble magnificence of its *vis-a-vis*, the *Bancroft*. But then, my dear friend, remember that Daniel Webster used to put up here, two centuries ago; that Choate used to make his famous dinner speeches here; that Holmes, that world-renowned wag and bard, here used to set the table in a roar, with his brilliant sallies: remember how many generations of guests, the wise, the brave, the beautiful, from all corners of the earth, have exchanged salutations in its quaint, pleasant old drawing-room; and can you then wonder that an old-fashioned, fanciful fellow like me, should prefer its snug chambers, and antique fire-places, and scantily supplied reading-room (they only take fifty papers a day, the landlord told me), to all the colossal splendors of your modern hotels?

I spent yesterday afternoon at Mount Auburn. A sweet summer afternoon it was, too. I could have passed a fortnight there, with pleasure and profit. Were there no precious relics in it, or fond memories clustering about it, it would still be a most charming

spot, with its pleasant walks and hills, and the music of its birds, and brooks, and fountains. But as the repository of the bones of the illustrious dead, and above all of the illustrissimi of the 19th century, how full of tender interest is it to all Americans! What a place for the student, the artist, the moralist! What an assembly! What a population of statues, too, in bronze and in marble! What a throng of columns, and obelisks, and urns, and miniature domes, and temples! What a gallery of exquisite bas-reliefs, and dainty epitaphs, and plaintive verses! Among the older tombs, none struck me so much as that of Everett, wonderfully preserved as it is, from the ravages of time. Its elaborate beauty and stately inscriptions, how admirably do they accord with the classic elegance of the illustrious sleeper, beneath it; and that statue of Choate hard by—what a spirited thing it is! Choate, the mighty orator of old, invincible alike on the stump and in the forum; he who united the close logic of a Wood or an Ogden, to the wild fervor of a Rousseau, and the poetic fire of a Byron. How finely does his figure contrast with that of the neighboring Bowditch; the latter so simple and serene, looking with calm, patient eye into the deep heavens, that he so loved to explore when in life, and from which he brought down so many precious truths for the benefit of his

brethren. But why do I speak to you of these monuments, who are so familiar with them; or of the tombs of the other notables of those days—of the Storys, and Prescotts, and Perkinses, and Lawrences, and Appletons, and Alstons, and Channings, and Wares, and a whole host of brilliant luminaries besides; merchant princes, philanthropists, divines, poets, orators, statesmen, philosophers, who have shed so much lustre on that most illustrious of the centuries of earth!

But, my friend, I have been to a spot even more dear and sacred than this. Immediately on my arrival here, I left for Marshfield; an humble pilgrim, eager to pay my tribute of veneration and gratitude, and to renew my patriotic vows, at the tomb of our great statesman. Haunted, holy ground! There he sleeps, the man of the imperial intellect, and of the tender heart; sleeps in peace, surrounded by his kindred, with the elms of his own planting still waving over him, and the sea that he so loved to gaze upon, evermore chanting his requiem. Fit resting place! monument worthy of the man! Here are no misplaced ornaments, no flaunting flowers, no needless words; simply his own majestic name. There is but one other spot on earth, my friend, where my heart has been so stirred within me, and that, I need not say, was the chancel of dear old Stratford

church. It is delightful to see the affectionate veneration with which, at the distance of more than two centuries, the people herabouts dwell on the name and the memorials of Webster. They seem never weary of talking of him, and they delight to show to the stranger his favorite haunts, his walks, and drives, and fishing grounds ; and to tell how he used to stop and chat and joke with his brother-farmers and fishermen ; and they *will* have it, and insist upon it with almost ludicrous earnestness, that he was not only the greatest orator and statesman, but the most successful angler and keenest sportsman of his day.

As soon as I got back to my hotel, I renewed my acquaintance with the great man, as he lives and breathes in the pages of that most charming of all biographies, his life by Everett. How especially admirable is that part which tells us of his last hours, his sublime death, and the simple but most touching funeral rites with which they consigned him to the earth ! Of all the closing scenes of the illustrious men of modern times, is there one to compare with this, either in beauty or grandeur ? But I forget that I am trespassing most unwarrantably upon your columns.

I shall, of course, spend to-morrow here. I am anxious to see how these Athenians of America will

inaugurate the fourth century of the Republic. If they keep the promise of their programme, it will be a most superb and brilliant affair. The oration by Winthrop, we may be sure, will be a gem of the first water. Old Harvard, they say, means to be out in great state, on the occasion. Our accomplished friend, Sprague, has just been reading to me the words of a hymn, written by himself, and to be sung by some ten thousand children, to-morrow, on the Common, after the procession returns from Bunker's Hill. It is a spirit-stirring thing, worthy of his illustrious ancestor. By the way, the mosaic copy of the "Reply to Hayne," which you are so much interested in, is nearly finished, and has a most brilliant effect. It was high time for it to be executed, for the original is sadly faded.

Most faithfully yours,

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, July 2d, 2076.

GENTLEMEN:—I send you my usual hebdomadal budget from this ancient and goodly city, though I have not much to say for myself this morning, either in the way of sentiment or of statistics. Yesterday was the first really warm day we have had this sea-

son, and it sent some ten thousand comfort-seeking citizens accordingly, to Cape May and Long Branch. It was rather unpatriotic in them, I think, not to wait for the forthcoming anniversary. We can spare them, though. There will be quite enough of us left to do it honor. Depend upon it, Philadelphia will not be behind her sister cities, either in the splendor or the appropriateness of her rites, on this all-glorious occasion. In fact, has she not the advantage of them all, in historical associations, and in the consequent dramatic effect that she can give her celebration? I refer you, however, to the order of the day, as published in this morning's papers.

I have sent, as you requested, the catalogue of the Exhibition just opened, at the magnificent new buildings of the Academy, in Schuylkill 37th-street. It consists, as you will perceive, almost entirely of American masterpieces, of the 19th, 20th, and 21st centuries ; each century having a superb gallery to itself. I have barely had time to glance at its treasures. Among the older masters, I noticed those renowned works, Alston's *Dead Man Revived*, West's *Christ healing the Sick*, Leutze's *Washington crossing the Delaware*, Lessing's *Martyrdom of Huss*, Huntington's *Mercy's Dream*, from the famous old Carey gallery, and many others, equally famous and precious. Among the sculptures of that

era stand conspicuous, Greenough's *Penn and the Indian Girl*, Powers' colossal statues of Clay and Webster, and a Christ by Crawford—the same one that the critics of old so long insisted upon attributing to Thorwaldsen, till our American Winkelmann, Skiddings, finally set the matter at rest in his famous dissertation. But it would take a month's daily visits, to familiarize oneself with the contents of this princely collection. Conspicuous among the chef d'œuvres of the 21st century, I noticed our friend Gascon's colossal picture of the *Inauguration of the Crystal Palace at Joppa by the President of Palestine*. The subject is not a particularly poetical one, but there is a world of work in the picture, and some admirable coloring.

The Opera has just closed for the season. It has had a success far beyond that of any previous year, a success all the more gratifying, since the management have relied exclusively on native talent, both in the works produced, and in the artists who have interpreted them. They talk of a grand demonstration, on 4th December next, it being the 200th Anniversary of the establishment. "This magnificent building was first opened to the public, on the 4th of December, 1876, with Fry's Grand Opera of Aurelia. It was constructed after the designs of Haviland, though not in the life-time of that distinguished ar-

chitect. Larger and more sumptuous buildings have since been erected in this and other cities, but none more truly beautiful, or more admirably adapted to the production of grand musical effects, etc., etc. I cite from *Smithson's History of the American Lyrical Drama*, vol. 2d, of the Philadelphia edition of 1897. But I forget that you are not such confirmed antiquity mongers as myself. To return to our own generation. I see Camden and Amboy has got down to 815. Don't be alarmed, though. A mere ruse of the bears, I assure you. If it don't touch 400 before Christmas, then I am no true prophet. Hold on, likewise, to your Reading stock. The stories about the coal giving out, are too ridiculous. There's enough left under Pennsylvania to supply not merely a terrestrial, but a *Satanic* demand, for centuries to come.

Yours truly,

ANTHRAX.

Here's a queer thing.

(From the *Memphis Spectator*.)

The trial of Thomas Jones for the murder of William Thompson, has duly terminated in his conviction. Lest our antipodean readers may have lost the run of the facts in this case, we will briefly state that the crime in question was committed some two months since, in the National Theatre in this city,

during the performance of the prisoner's tragedy of Pelopidas, and that the third act of said tragedy was the bloody instrument of death, poor Thompson having died of laughter thereat. The prisoner was ably defended. His counsel undertook to prove, in the first place, that the unfortunate deceased had voluntarily entered the theatre, on this sanguinary occasion, and that this therefore was clearly a case, not of homicide, but of self-destruction. It was satisfactorily established however, that the poor man had been fairly teased, worried, tormented into going, by the prisoner ; that his ticket had been presented to him, his seat secured, and that a carriage had been sent for him on the evening of said performance, all at said prisoner's expense ; thereby clearly evidencing copious and deep-seated malice aforethought.

It was then attempted to throw the onus and odium of the crime upon the officiating actors, but without avail ; for it was made out, most conclusively, by the testimony of at least a score of respectable and intelligent critics, who were present at the time, that it was the atrocious absurdity of the lines themselves that did the deed. "The play, the *play's* the thing," so said they all, "that finished Thompson, and has frightened us away from the theatre ever since."

The jury, after an absence of a minute and a half,

returned with a verdict of guilty. On hearing it, the prisoner behaved abominably, shaking his fists, swearing most piratically, and moreover, extending to all present, invitations, the nature of which propriety will not allow us to describe.

The unhappy wretch was brought into court this morning, for sentence. The judge, after commenting with unusual feeling and eloquence upon the enormity of his crime, proceeded, with great solemnity of manner, to condemn the prisoner to sit out, (and upon the identical seat lately occupied by his victim,) a full and complete round of Shaksperian characters, to be portrayed by Charles Cooke, Esq., at the opening of the National Theatre in this city, in September next.

There will, it is said, be a strong effort made to procure a commutation of this terrible sentence. We trust that it will prove unavailing; not that we bear the unfortunate convict any ill-will, but for the sake of our reputation as a law-abiding, and law-executing community. Crimes so cold-blooded and atrocious must no longer be tolerated in our midst, and unless they are overtaken by sure, speedy, and fearful punishment, there will be no peace or safety among us.

What is this?

"We have barely time, before going to press, to snatch a few items from the huge mass of news received by yesterday's steamers, without any attempt at arrangement or comment.

The elections in England have passed off very quietly, and the Democracy have, as usual, carried everything before them.

The 94th anniversary of Irish Independence was celebrated with unusual spirit. The great feature of the day was a grand dinner in Phoenix Park, at which 50,000 guests were assembled. The viands, wines, confectionery, music, accessories of all sorts, to say nothing of the oratory, far surpassed anything of the kind ever before witnessed in the eastern hemisphere.

We see, by recent Roman papers, that the Baths of Caracalla have been completely restored to their pristine magnificence, and were opened to the public on the 23d ult., with appropriate ceremonies, and an admirable address from the President.

The Paris journals are quite crazy about Ching-Ring, the famous Chinese composer's last grand opera of Byron. They say it is the greatest musical success of the century. The chorus of gondoliers, in the second act, excited the wildest enthusiasm in the audience. It was nearly half an hour before or-

der was restored, and the performance resumed. At the close, the *maestro* was literally buried under the accumulation of bouquets that fell upon him, and was with difficulty extricated.

We are sorry to see, by the Jerusalem Herald, that the freight depot of the Central Arabian Rail Road at Medina, was completely destroyed by fire on the 20th ult. Lightning was the incendiary. Six millions will hardly cover the loss.

The grand Cosmopolitan Observatory, occupying the site of the Tower of Babel, will be finished and dedicated early in October. The Address on the occasion will be delivered by Dr. Brakendorff, the world-renowned scholar of Moscow, and the poem by the Persian bard, Se-di.

The great game of chess between the two Cairos, has terminated at last in favor of our oriental brethren. Father Nile has been too much for Father Mississippi, this time. This famous encounter is of many years' standing, and has greatly interested the connoisseurs of both hemispheres. The very long and entertaining account of its origin and progress, in the Egyptian Observer, we hope soon to find room for.

Ten thousand copies of the Federalist were sold at the recent Tobolsk Trade Sales.

The regatta of all nations, at Odessa, turned out

a most brilliant affair. The prize was carried off by the Japanese junk, *Nim-shi*. The second honors were awarded to the Baltimore clipper, *Soto*. Such a throng of strangers was never known in all Russia. Landlords wouldn't even look at a doubloon, for a small bed, *au quinzième*.

Yankee Mills and wife are playing a round of their favorite characters, with most gratifying success, at *Siam*.

The Emperor of China, who is a famous horticulturist, has been cultivating the black Hamburgh Grape, with great enthusiasm and wonderful results, recently, at his retreat at *Lud-low*.

The next grand Conference meeting of Cosmopolitan Whalers will be held at Tahiti, on the fifteenth of the coming November.

What have we here?

"*List of Patents, issuing from the United States Patent Office, for the week ending June 30, 2076.*

Israel Washington, of Norridgewock, Maine, for improvements in the manufacture of India Rubber Consciencess. Patent dated June 26, 2076.

Alexander Hamilton Thompson, of Patchogue, New-York, for improvements in the Shark-drawn Submarine Plough. Same date.

Oliver Wolcott Wiggins, of Palmyra, Timpanogo, for his Patent Steam Luggage-Checker and Ticket-Taker. Same date.

Hercules X. Smith, of Thebes, North Utah, for improvements in the Self-Adjusting and Self-Ventilating Diaper. Same date.

William Wordsworth Wilson, of Waterbury, Connecticut, for improvements in the Infant's Ready Reckoner. Same date.

Henry Clay Stone, of Madrid, South Oregon, for his Steam Prescription-Mixer and Sherry-Cobbler Compounder. Patent dated June 29, 2076.

John Jones, of London, Zacatecas, for improvements in the Steam Counterfeit Detector. Same date."

And a host of others, of kindred dignity and value.

"List of Books, received at the office of the New-York Evening Star, for the week ending Saturday last."

Mehercule ! what a string of them !

Uses and Abuses of Pocket Lightning. By Dr. Waggles. 2 vols. quarto. Tompkins & Co., N. Y.

Every Infant its own Lincn-Shifter. 1 vol. 18 mo. Tompkins & Co.

Every Man his own Climate-Maker. 1 vol. 18 mo. Tompkins & Co.

Every Citizen his own Counsel, Judge and Jury in all Civil Cases. 1 vol. 18mo. Tompkins & Co.

Hand Book for Young Aeronauts. 1 vol. 18 mo. Carter & Brothers, N. Y.

Infant Polkist and Mazurkist's Vade Mecum. 2 vols. 4to. with Illustrations. By Artaxerxes Hogg. Carter & Brothers.

The Mysterious Mosquitoe. A Moral Tale, by the author of the Enterprizing Flea. 2 vols. 12mo. Carter & Brothers.

Religious Aspects of the 21st Century, as compared with those of the 20th, being a discourse delivered before the Society of the 112th St. Church, by Rev. Alonzo Wiggins. Carter & Brothers.

Thanatopsis, in 24 Languages. 1 vol. 8vo. with Illustrations and Illuminations. Carter & Brothers.

Walks and Talks in Madagascar. By the author of Diving-Bell Musings. 1 vol. 12mo. Jones & Co., Boston.

Caught at Last, or the Authorship of Junius placed beyond all Peradventure. By Solomon Mudd. 8 vols. 4to. Jones & Co.

Esaias Patefactus, or the Lock of Prophecy fairly picked. By Constantine Hobbs. 6 vols. 4to.— Jones & Co.

And so forth, and so forth. Charming works, I dare say, all of them ; perfect nonpareils, in their respective departments. What have we here ?

Notices of New Publications.

The Administration of Washington. By Daniel Webster. 2 vols. 8vo. Jones & Co., New-York. 2076.

A superb edition, truly, of this glorious old American classic. How refreshing, how charming is it, to be able to escape occasionally from the cares and bustle of this hurrying, crowding, driving generation, and to take refuge in a book like this ; to quit, if but for a little hour, the material, Sordid Present, and to sit at the feet and listen to the inspiring lessons of our majestic Past ! *Such* lessons ! *Such* teachers ! People don't write in this fashion, in *our* days.—Where, where, amid the writings of contemporary historians, do we find any approach to a style like this ? Such grasp of thought, such comprehensive views of life, such elevation of sentiment, such devotion to liberty, such passionate outpourings of patriotism ! And then, such a limpid flow of language, such a clear narration of facts, such a persuasive statement of arguments, such an apparent mastery alike of the grand outlines and of the minutest details of his subject. But we feel that it is alike superfluous and

presumptuous, for any man alive to sing the praises of our great historian, or his hero. What corner of the earth knoweth them not, cherisheth not their memories? Even as the *Paradise Lost* reveals to the world the grandest of themes, as handled by the sublimest of poets, so doth the *Administration of Washington* manifest to us, the first of patriots, as portrayed by the most consummate of statesmen.

Maternal Milk for Literary Sucklings. By Tabitha Perley. Vol. 1.—No. 1. Boston: Sampson & Co. 2076.

This is the first of a proposed series of little works, intended for the edification and improvement of the ante-weaning period of life. The idea is a good one, worthy of a New England mother. How many precious intervals are there, between the naps and the meals of our little darlings, now employed in kicking, squalling, and all manner of convulsive movements, that might, we are convinced, under some judicious system of management, (such as is set forth by the authoress in her interesting preface,) be consecrated to the acquisition of knowledge, alike useful and appropriate to that sadly neglected portion of existence. Mrs. Perley opens the ball with *Entomology*. She handles the subject most admirably. Her description of the Cockroach must commend itself to the

attention of every sensible suckling. Mrs. P. introduces her theme to the community, with a very apt quotation from Wordsworth's famous ode, *Intimations of Immortality derived from the Recollections of Childhood*. By the way, we read the whole of that same ode, this very morning, to one of our own dear little breast-drainers, and were perfectly astonished at the degree of intelligent interest which it manifested therein. What was even more surprising, an entertaining kitten, that had previously been playing with a ball of yarn, with more than ordinary grace and sprightliness, suddenly suspended its sport, dropped quietly upon its haunches, and gazed with glittering eye upon us, throughout the entire perusal. Success to Mrs. Perley's enterprize. Heaven only knows what may come of it, in this era of amazing developments!

The Loose Screw : A Comedy, in five Acts. By the author of the Sentimental Sugar-Biscuit Baker, the Transcendental Ferryman, etc. Mug-gins & Co., New York, 2076.

There is certainly a good deal of fun and sprightliness in this effort, and no small allowance of bitter satire withal. The great defect is in the plot, which sadly lacks bustle and complication. Indeed, we can hardly recall a single really effective situation,

or downright surprise, from the beginning to the end of the piece. The idea upon which it is constructed is certainly a dramatic one, i.e. the annoyances and absurdities which must perforce overtake every family, the prominent members of which are riding spirited hobbies in opposite directions. We do not think, however, that the author has done it justice. The best characters in the play decidedly, are *Old Hobbs*, the pater familias and epic poet, and *Young Hobbs*, the *Machino-Maniac*, as he is called in the *Dram. Pers.*; the same whom *Subtle*, the rascally lawyer of the piece, calls *Young Steamboat*, and whom he expects "to see some fine morning, tumbling out of bed with a pair of paddle-boxes at his hips, and a smoke-pipe issuing out of his stomach." Hobbs the Elder's wife, too, that beautiful compound of sluttishness, high temper, and philanthropy, is a vigorously, but coarsely drawn character. But, as we said before, there is a terrible want of plot in the play. What little there is, is so simple and transparent, that any small boy could see how things must turn out, from the very start. On the whole, this production will not interfere with the laurels of the author of the *School for Scandal*, or supplant in our affections, the wicked, fascinating performances of Farquhar.

Poems, by Anthony Winterbottom. Carter and Brothers, New York. 2076.

A precious contribution, truly, to American literature! The attributes of Mr. Winterbottom's muse will be readily inferred from a mere enumeration of the themes upon which she expatiates. The following are some of the "opening flowers" from which this rare queen-bee of song hath laid up her mellifluous stores: *Apostrophe to Buncombe*; *My first Cigar*; *Ballyhack, a Vision*; *On seeing the Autograph of Jno. Jacob Astor*; *To my Creditors*; *To a Sea-Sick Fellow Passenger*; *A Meditation on the Mammoth Hog*; *To an uncurrent Bank-Note*, etc., etc. Glorious, inspiring subjects! Delightful fields, wherein

"To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble Poetry."

Or to speak more correctly, this is a most wilful bringing down of the said Pegasus from his lofty and appropriate sphere, and deliberately and maliciously harnessing him before a filthy oyster-cart.

There is no excuse for such shameful perversions as these. If Mr. Winterbottom have, *indeed*, "the vision and the faculty divine" of the poet, why not employ them upon congenial themes? If *not*, how can he justify this outrageous assault upon the pa-

tience and the pockets of the community? We shall quote just enough of these *gems*, and no more, than will serve to vindicate our criticism upon them. The *Mammoth Hog* lines open thus :

“ Stupendous creature, that, in thy savory sty,
Daily, for sixpence, 'mid the pleasing sounds
Of squeaking fiddles, and asthmatic trombones,
Unto the gaping, verdant countryman,
And grinning schoolboy, dost reveal thy vast
Dimensions, whilst the astounded gazer holds,
Tightly, his powerfully-appealed to nose ;
Hail, hail, thou ton of pork, and hail Columbia,
Happy land that bore thee : hail, favored country,
That was thy boyhood's home !” etc., etc.

Abominable as this is, there is nothing better in the volume. The stanzas commencing,

“ Call for the specie while ye may,
Like weasels, ever waking,
For the same bank that's flush to-day,
To-morrow may be breaking,”

poor as they are *per se*, are at the same time, a most rascally parody on those sweet verses of Herrick, “Gather ye rose-buds,” &c. Such a two-fold enormity as this, we cannot readily forgive. So, the verses, *To my Creditors*, beginning,

" 'Tis time these notes of mine should cease,
Indorsers are so very shy :
But while a gull is left to fleece,
Still let me try.

My credit is no longer green ;
The flowers and fruits of tick are gone ;
The suit, the judgment, and the lien,
Are mine alone,"

and so following ; what are they, but a most wanton and inexcusable burlesque upon the most touching and plaintive of poems ? What notions of propriety and decency must this Mr. Winterbottom have, to trifle thus with the dying strains of the sweet Swan of Newstead !

There are several indifferent attempts at Latin verse in this book. The only two of the slightest pretensions, are the *Voces Noctis, a quinque punctis*, wherein a night at the Five Points, is described somewhat graphically, and the *Extinctio Soricum a canibus lethiferis*, in which a grand terrier and rat encounter is set forth, with decidedly more vigor than elegance.

The most absurd, and at the same time reprehensible thing in the volume, is the Dedication :—

To the
FATHER OF LIES,
this little book

is

Affectionately inscribed.

This alone, will, and ought to damn it, had it a thousand fold the merit it has. Such levity cannot be tolerated. Mr. Winterbottom has made a terrible mistake, in every way, in giving this production to the world. We are sorry to say so. From the author of the *Reminiscences of Communipaw* and the *History of the Jersey Oyster War*, we certainly expected better things.

Tales of a Traveler ; translated by Ching-Chow.
Pekin. 2076. Mauch-chunk, Brothers.

The Spy ; translated by Slam-Bang. Mint-Sling
& Co., Publishers. Canton. 2076.

These are, certainly, very handsomely got up works, especially the first, which reflects great credit upon its enterprizing publishers. The illustrations, by *Flap-jack*, are beyond all praise. We consider Flap-jack decidedly at the head of Chinese art ; in fact, the *Darley* of the 21st century. What other man could have so successfully illustrated the exuberant humor and delicate fancy of his author ? Of

the merits of the translation, we can only say, that the very highest authority on such matters, to wit, our friend *Dinks*, the American Mezzofanti, pronounces it admirable. He says that he was reading, yesterday, the story of *the Devil and Tom Walker*, in this version, with almost the same high relish as in the original itself. He does *not* speak with the same enthusiasm, however, of Slam-bang's translation of the Spy. D. has just returned from a little pleasure-jauunt in the East. He tells us that there is a decided re-action there, within the last twelve-month, in favor of American literature, after an indifference almost amounting to aversion, for nearly half a century. Not only are they reproducing our fine old classics, like those at the head of this notice, but the popular writers of the day are circulating like wild-fire. He says, that he left all Mongolia grinning over *Tip-wink's* capital version of the inimitable *Twenty-Times-Told-Tales* of Wiggles. Dinks made *one* curious remark, by the way. "Were there," said he, "any representatives of Washington Irving or of Fenimore Cooper alive, this day, and were the doctrine of entails applicable to the law of copyright, they would be receiving very little less than a million of dollars per annum, respectively, from the writings of their all-glorious ancestors."

Doggett's Directory. New York. 2076. 6 vols., 8vo.

This is the 235th edition of this immortal work. The Mercantile Library Association, and our humble selves, are, we believe, the only parties in town, who have a copy of the *first*. "Look on *this* picture, and on *this*." What discourse, on the growth of Gotham, by the most learned and brilliant Pundit therein, could be half so eloquent as the simple juxtaposition of these two editions? Why, there are positively almost as many *Smiths* in the last, as names of all sorts in the first. With all our reverence for antiquity, we must say that the version for the present year is a far more sightly affair than its illustrious progenitor. The pioneer edition, in its freshest state, could never have been a beauty; could never have been considered an appropriate New Year's gift for a lady. We should be loth to consider it a fair specimen of New York typography and binding, in the 19th century; whereas its bulky descendant would not look out of place in the handsomest library in the land.

It is painfully interesting to think of the probable size, weight, cost, difficulty of investigating, impracticability of borrowing, and general Encyclopædic appearance of this same publication, in the year of grace, 3000.

Harpers' Magazine for July, 2076.

True as the dial to the sun, came to our table No. 1715 of this world-renowned giant of the monthlies. The success of this work is quite unprecedented in the annals of literature. We hardly dare say how many thousands of hands are employed in the preparation of each number, or how many millions of copies are scattered over the globe each month, lest we should be accused of romancing. Its Fee-jee circulation alone we are told, is over fifteen hundred, while at Owhyhee, more than five thousand numbers are devoured, each new moon, with even more relish than the proprietors themselves would have been, three centuries ago.—Indeed, one could hardly desire a pleasanter little library, than a complete set of this work from the commencement. The bill of fare of the present No. is fully equal to that of any of its predecessors. We have not had time yet to devour all the good things. The *Defence of the Drama* we read with great interest. It seemed to us the ablest article on the subject that we have seen for years, and marked by a most catholic and tolerant spirit. We shall look for the continuation of it with impatience. The verses to a *Sherry-Cobbler* are in Wotherspoon's best style. There is a point and sparkle about this writer's effusions that often remind us of the charming old muse of Halleck. The *Pictorial History of Borneo* is

continued, with signal ability. The engravings alone are worth ten times the price of the number. The fourteenth book of *My Epic*, fully holds its own.— We can hardly say the same for No. 13 of the *Imaginary Conversations*; between William Bowlegs and Alcibiades. The sentiment put into the mouth of Bowlegs, that Napoleon was as pure a patriot as Washington, is perfectly outrageous. We are surprised that the editors should have allowed it a place in their conservative and high-toned pages. *A Night at Malaga*, by Richard Dashall, is capital. So is the *Whortleberry-Gatherers of Bohemia*; evidently from the same lively pen that gave us the *Serenaders of Serringapatam*, in the last number. We have not been able to explore yet the contents of the Editor's Table, Easy Chair and Drawer. They have the usual inviting look, however.

Up the Senegal. By Thomas Nokes. John Styles, Boston. 2076.

This is No. 47 of Styles's Semi-Monthly Series. We need not say that this little book is full of its fun, or that the wood-cuts are superb. All the world have found that out for themselves, some time since. How such a treat can be served up for ten cents, however, we confess passes our comprehension.

Over-Sky Journey to New-Guinea. By Susan Smith. 1 vol. 12mo. Tompkins & Co., New-York. 2076.

Bubbles and Suds. From the Original Hindoo.— With notes Critical and Explanatory. By James Longshanks, LL.D.

A friend has sent us an elaborate notice of each of the above works, but we are compelled to defer them till our next.

Common Council.

July 2, 2076. Board of Aldermen. Present all the members, except Van Winkle (2d), and Smith (34th). The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, after which the following petitions were read and referred: Of J. Moore, for renewal of ferry lease from 147th-street to Jersey. Of owners of property in Newark Avenue, against the construction of a sewer in, or translation of swine from, said avenue. Of D. Bulgruddery Brown, and others, juvenile collectors of old quids and segar stumps, for repeal of recent anti-tobacco ordinances. Of owners of property in Third Avenue, against interfering with the venerable usage of Sabbath Trotting-Matches on said avenue. Of Flower Gardeners, for

further enlargement of the Kingsland Flower-Market, etc., etc.

Resolutions were adopted to re-perrine Broadway, from the Battery to 200th street, and 64th street from river to river. Also to continue the present obstructions and Arabian odors in South street, from Piers 37 to 61, inclusive. Also to promote the further circulation of cattle, at high noon, along the various Rail Road tracks of the metropolis. Also to add two thousand dollars to the salary of the *chef de cuisine* of the Corporation.

Ald. Abernethy (25th) offered a preamble and resolution, as follows, viz. :

Whereas, the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Valparaiso are on a flying visit to the city of New York,

Resolved, That a Committee of five from each Board be appointed to make manifest unto them the Elephants, and other zoological marvels of the Metropolitan Menagerie, and likewise duly to initiate them into the mysteries of the Tea-Room, and other public institutions.

The mover, and Aldermen Swift, Jones, Dwight, and Doddridge were thereupon appointed said Committee.

Reports were then adopted in favor of continuing the route of the 25th street Rail Road through the

transept of Trinity Chapel. In favor of a general substitution of Camphene for Gas, in all public buildings. In favor of a deduction of seventy-five per centum from the numbers, and fifty per centum from the pay, of the Police force of the metropolis. In favor of an augmentation of one hundred per centum of the capitation tax on unmuzzled dogs in the dog-days, and of confining the business of arresting and handing over said canine delinquents to the authorities, to public functionaries exclusively. An amendment offered by Ald. Dinks, exempting therefrom the dog portion of the *troupe* now performing at the Cooper Place Opera House, was unanimously adopted. Ald. King then moved that the hearty thanks of the Board be presented to the Ten Governors, for their munificent present, just received, of ten superb turtles, and that we forthwith adjourn to inspect the same. Adjourned.

Assistants.—No meeting, the Board having left town for San Francisco, in compliance with an invitation duly tendered them by the City Fathers of the great Occidental Metropolis, to unite with them in celebrating the Jubilee of the Nation.

Ah, *here's* a formidable column of *Miscellaneous Items* for you! What are they all about, I wonder?

"The Historical Society have just taken possession of their magnificent new building, in *Clay Place*. It is gratifying to know that this venerable institution is in a highly flourishing condition. Great as has been the expense of their present habitation, which is a perfect model, in the way of strength, security, comfort, and elegance, they have still a very satisfactory surplus fund to show. They number upwards of twenty thousand members, which of course, yields them a princely income. Their Library already contains more than 700,000 volumes, and every day adds something to its treasures ; being, by all odds, the largest Historical Collection, (which character it has strictly preserved from the start,) in the world. There is no spot of earth that has ever had a history annexed to it, (and which the great Devourer hath not consumed,) from the first planting of Eden down to the last Antarctic discovery, whose records will not be found in it. In this city of valuable and interesting things, what is there, after all, to be compared with this same library, in interest or value ? What is there, that we are so proud to show to strangers, so anxious to transmit, safe and sound, to our children !"

"A couple of superb icebergs arrived in the lower bay, last evening. It is just a week since they left their homes in Baffin's Bay. They were towed

down in fine style by the steamers Oliver Ellsworth and the Labrador. We saw them this morning at sunrise, and a most brilliant appearance they presented. Before we left, there were at least forty steam tugs on the ground, with their attendant barges, and a whole host of laborers, duly armed and equipped with their ladders, grappling-irons, saws, hammers, crowbars, and other implements of destruction. They went at the work of demolition with evident gusto, this warm weather. We couldn't help asking ourselves, how many hundreds of tons of these same children of the pole, would be served up before sunset, in the shape of mint-juleps and sherry-cobblers; how many would be surrounding ribs of beef and legs of mutton, and surmounting pats of butter; how many would be cooling the fevered brows of the sick, and pressed into the sad service of death; would be ministering, indeed, in every way, to the wants and whims of the great metropolis. Curious, but unprofitable speculations! What *would* Alfred the Great have said, though, to such a rapid, spirited mode of carrying on business? Nay, would not Robert Fulton himself have whistled in his amazement, had he beheld results like these?"

"The *Monkey-Primary-School* experiment has, as we feared it would, turned out disastrously. After all the pains of the Committee, and the arduous la-

bors of the teachers employed, the bubble burst most completely on Saturday last, and in a way alike painful and ludicrous. Up to that time, it must be confessed, things had certainly looked encouraging. It seems that a class in Geography had actually been organized, and that the pupils had already become quite correct and prompt in their answers, and handy in the use of their maps; so much so, that on the day of the grand catastrophe, a private exhibition, before a few warm friends of the experiment, had just commenced. The monkeys were duly seated, in orderly array, upon their benches, to the number of a hundred, with their tails stowed away under their haunches, and their atlases in their paws; presenting, altogether, says a friend who was present, a most docile and interesting appearance. An intelligent young monkey had already taken up his station at the black-board, and was twirling about the chalk, preparatory to describing a circle, when lo, there suddenly and rapidly descended, through the sky-light of the room wherein this educational attempt was progressing, a sack of peanuts, which, bursting as it struck the floor, revealed its treasures to the astonished crowd. In the twinkling of an eye, all was tumult and confusion. A tremendous and terrific scramble for the nuts, forthwith ensued. In vain did the dismayed teachers endeavor to re-

store order ; in vain did they seek to take possession of the cause of this wild outbreak. Their pupils flew at them *en masse*, pulled, hauled, bit, tore, scratched, and nearly deprived them of their eyes. The poor fellows were taken home at last, in a carriage, in a frightfully ragged and disfigured condition. Most of the spectators, in their panic, took to their heels ; the few who remained, with difficulty rescuing the instructors from the infuriated throng. A strong body of the stars was soon upon the spot. After a severe struggle, the monkeys were captured, and sent to an adjoining menagerie. Whether the sack of nuts was dropped by some bad boys, out of mere wantonness, or whether it was a nefarious contrivance of some enemy of the Committee, and foe to progress, remains to be seen. The matter is undergoing a most rigid investigation."

"We had the honor of shaking hands, to-day, with our old friend Seth Peterson, of Marshfield, lineal descendant of *the* Seth, the friend and brother-fisherman of Daniel Webster ; the same whom he has immortalized in the famous Saratoga oration, pronounced by him just before the great Tip-and-Ty victory of the Whigs over the Loco-Focos, in the year of grace 1840 ; or as Wilson, the historian, calls it, the *Grand Hard-Cider-and-Log-Cabin Demonstration*. Webster and Peterson ! glorious

names ! the one, the greatest orator and statesman, the other, the greatest cod-taker and chowder-maker of the 19th century. Mr. P., as was his illustrious ancestor before him, is a subscriber to our venerable journal, and he called, with characteristic promptness, to pay his subscription. Though near seventy, our friend looks as hearty and ruddy as a boy, and we dare say could pull an oar, or kill a duck, to-day, with any lad in the old bay, or the old Granite State. Good luck to him and his ! And may future Petersons continue to take the New York Evening Star, up to the very day of doom itself !”

“The great Columbian Circus, in *Fillmore Place*, is rapidly rising to completion. The proprietors hope to open it early in October. We have seen a programme of their arrangements for the occasion, but are not at liberty, yet, to publish it. We can only say, that if carried out, it will present to our citizens the most superb spectacle ever witnessed in America. The building itself, (a full description of which will be furnished us in a few days, by the architect, Haviland Wilkins, Esq.,) will be three times the size of the Colosseum, with an arena of corresponding proportions. The contrivances for ventilation and illumination, and for introducing water, with a view to fountains, cascades, sham-fights, regattas, &c., reflect great credit on Mr. W. Our friend Ti-

tus thinks, by the way, that this classic pile ought to have a more classic appellation. He is for calling it the *Circus Maximus Neo-Eboracensis*. It certainly has a stately sound; but the masses, we think, will prefer the other, as being at once more popular and pronounceable."

"Last night, for the first time these three years, our citizens were regaled with a fire. That rickety old concern, known as the *Falstaff Buildings*, in the Eighth Avenue, corner of 45th street, took fire a little after midnight, and was rapidly consumed.— Under the circumstances, it is certainly not to be wondered at, that there was a very poor show of engines on the ground, and any thing but a superabundance of Annihilators. That the Department has kept together at all, is surprising, considering how seldom there is any call for its services. It is only such antediluvian structures as the one in question, that furnish any food for the devouring element; and they are fast disappearing before the march of improvement. For ourselves, we are delighted that the old eye-sore is out of the way. It was not only a shabby, but an unsafe concern; decidedly unsavory, too, both in odor and in reputation. There are conflicting statements, as usual, about the origin of the conflagration. The most plausible ascribes it to the nose of a descendant of Bardolph, a notorious fre-

quenter of the Pig-and-Whistle Pot-house, in said buildings, and an occasional vocalist at the Free-and-Easies of that Establishment. At any rate, that highly inflammable object was seen hovering about the premises, all through the evening. We know well the nose in question, and its wearer : the jolly dog, we have seen him, more than once, light a segar by it. We have actually seen him touching off rockets with it, while celebrating the birth-day of the Nation."

" We were invited a day or two since, by our friend Jenkins, to witness the operation of his new *Patent Steam Shaving and Clyster-Administering Machine*. We were charmed. It was triumphantly successful. Notwithstanding all the outcry of jealous barbers, and antiquated doctors, we predict for it a glorious career. It is by no means the clumsy, complicated, dangerous thing, that they would make it out, but does its two-fold task most quietly and effectually, and in a way easily comprehended by any person of ordinary intelligence. We saw it tested on half a dozen beneficiaries, to their evident comfort and satisfaction. To be sure, a very feeble or nervous, or very absent-minded person had better not meddle with it. The last, especially, by reversing its action unawares, might involve himself in consequences, at once very serious and very ludicrous.—

But rightly used, we consider it an unqualified boon to society. For cheapness, portability, rapidity and certainty of action, it is without a rival. We most cordially recommend it to the public."

"*The Statue of Irving* is nearly finished, and will be inaugurated, with becoming ceremonies, early in September. We congratulate the residents of St. Nicholas Place, on this delightful addition to the attractions around them. We had the pleasure of seeing it yesterday, by the kind invitation of the artist. It is indeed a noble piece of work. The figure is of bronze, in the costume of the nineteenth century, and considerably larger than life. The author is represented sitting, with his head partially resting upon his right hand, while his left is thrown carelessly over the arm of his chair. He seems to have just entered upon a pleasant, genial train of thought. The expression is a most agreeable one. Humor, thoughtfulness, and benevolence are all blended in it, in a way that speaks volumes for the sculptor's skill. The word *sunshiny* best expresses the impression which it made upon us. The pedestal is a masterpiece. It is octagonal in form, and on each side is a small, but exquisitely executed bas-relief. The subjects are well chosen, and admirably illustrate the various labors of the author.— Here are English, Dutch, Spanish, American. Abo-

riginal, and oriental scenes ; all brought out with great truth and spirit. At the angles, under rich canopies, are two series of busts, the upper being composed of the great men commemorated by the writer, Washington, Columbus, Mahomet, Cortes, etc., and the lower being some of the most gifted of his contemporaries ; Scott, Byron, Cooper, Bryant, Prescott, and others. The whole is surrounded by a most rich and beautiful border, of blended fruits and flowers. The general effect is, indeed, charming. We had no idea that such delicate fancies, and minute details, could be so felicitously illustrated in bronze. All honor and success to the artist. America may well be proud of him."

" Our friends of the 38th Ward must have patience with us, for a day or two. Our carrier on duty there, had the bad taste to explode, day before yesterday ; thereby entirely destroying his own usefulness, severely injuring a policeman, and slightly scalding some small boys, who were playing marbles in the neighborhood, at the time of the accident. We hope to have an efficient substitute ready, by the end of the week, with all the modern improvements and precautions against such unbecoming and dangerous proceedings. Meanwhile, an hour or two's delay in the delivery of our paper, in that quarter, we hope will be forgiven."

Confound these *Items*, there's no end to them.—
But here we have the

AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA

(*Hulleck Place,*)

This (Thursday) Evening, July 5, 2076, will be performed,

IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA.

Almaviva,.....	Sig. Patti.		Dr. Bartolo,.....	Sig. Valdi.
Figaro,.....	Sig. Giubelei.		Rosina,.....	Signora Rubini.

SCANDINAVIAN OPERA.

No bill received.

GERMAN OPERA,

(*Mozart Gardens.*)

Thursday Evening, July 5, 2076, will be performed the grand Opera of

DER FRIESCHUTZ.

Gaspar,.....	Herr Heyliger.		Bertha,.....	Frau Wighens.
Rudolph,.....	" Nagel.		Agatha,.....	Fraulein Dolph.

ENGLISH OPERA.

No performance this week.

AMERICAN OPERA,

(Federal Square.)

This Evening, July 5, 2076, will be performed,
first time these five years, the grand Opera of

L E O N O R A .

Valdor,.....	Mr. Wood.	Julio,.....	Mr. Barton.
Montalvo,.....	Sigourney.	Alferez,.....	" Grundy.
	Leonora,.....	Mrs. Opie.	

FRENCH OPERA.

No Bill received.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

Second appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Cashgar, of the
Arabian and Affghanistan Theatres.

Thursday Evening, July 5, 2076, will be performed
the thrilling Drama of

S I N D B A D T H E S A I L O R .

Sindbad,.....	Mr. Cashgar.	Zobeide,.....	Mrs. Cashgar.
Hindbad,.....	" Hadaway.	Fatima,.....	Miss Robbins.

After which the favorite Farce of

F I S H O U T O F W A T E R ,

Sam Savory,.....Mr. Everett; being his first appearance
this season.

BURTON'S THEATRE,

(Forty-Fourth Street,)

This Evening, July 5th, will be performed the
Comedy of

TWELFTH NIGHT, or WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir Toby Belch. Mr. Wiggins. | Sir A. Aguecheek, ... Hancock.
The Clown, ... W. Pitt.

Viola, ... Miss Shensone. | Lady Olivia, ... Mrs. Gascon.

After which the untiring

TOODLES.

Timothy, Mr. Buckminster. | Mrs. Toodles, Mrs. Cadwallader.

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NATIONAL THEATRE.

This Evening, July 5th, will be performed (25th  
time) the grand Historical Drama of

K O S S U T H.

Kossuth, . . . . . Smith. | Emperor of Austria, Scroggins.  
Emperor of Russia, . . . Jones. | Harry Clay, ... Vandenneuvel.  
Lola Montez, . . . . . Mrs. Bonnycastle.

*After which the favorite Farce of*

FORTUNE'S FROLICS,

In which Mr. Jackson, of the Australian Theatres, will ap-  
pear in his celebrated part of Robin Roughhead.

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BLOOMINGDALE THEATRE.

This, and every Evening till further notice,

T O W N A N D C O U N T R Y,

After which

POOR PILLICODDY.

COLUMBIAN CIRCUS.

This evening, July 5th, will be presented (217th time) the magnificent Classical Pageant of

THE TRIUMPH OF MARCELLUS.

But I have no patience to wade through these formidable columns. Besides, what signify to *me*, the entertainments at the Jersey City Athenæum, the Communipaw Gardens, the Williamsburgh Odeon, the Bergen Melodeon, or the Hoboken Lyceum, or any of these high-sounding suburban places of recreation? Haven't I a sufficiently bewildering variety, without leaving the island? Holloa! here's no less than a dozen advertisements of rival Ethiopian serenaders. But what's this?

"Cosmopolitan Hall—Evenings with the People."

Professor Wilkinson, the celebrated Timpanogo orator and improvisatore, respectfully announces, that he will continue his popular and elegant entertainments, in the magnificent Concert Room of this Hall, every evening until further notice; when he will have the honor to introduce some of his most interesting personations, in which he will give specimens of the poetry, oratory, and music of all times and climes. After which he will improvise in, or

translate from, or to, any tongue, dead or living, upon subjects to be selected by the audience.

Special recitations (by particular request) for this evening, July 5th :

Hamlet's Soliloquy, in the Cherokee.

Othello's Farewell, in the Esquimaux.

Sallust's Parallel between Cato and Cæsar, in

Low Dutch.

Homer's Catalogue of Ships, in French.

Drake's American Flag, in Sanscrit.

Conclusion of Webster's Reply to Hayne, in the

Choctaw.

Jim along Josey, in Armenian.

I've been Roaming, in Hebrew.

In consequence of the extreme length of the Entertainment, it will be impracticable to comply with requests for repetitions."

Whew! passengers and crew of the Mayflower, what say you to the above advertisement? Venerable blue-law-givers of Connecticut, is this the way *you* used to spend your summer, or even your winter evenings? But what have we here?

Musical and Dramatic Notices.

Italian Opera. The glorious Barber again, to-night. Never was this delicious piece more admira-

bly performed in the metropolis. All the artists acquit themselves most handsomely, but Giubelei's Figaro is beyond all praise. Let tradition say what it will about Tamburini and Badiali, in this part. Giubelei against the world ! When champagne ceases to have a pleasant sparkle, and Chateau Margaux is distasteful, *then* will this most exhilarating of operas be consigned to the closet, i. e. the evening before Dooms-day. \

Scandinavian Opera. In consequence of the severe indisposition of Herr Tscrattchgkatt, there will be no performance at this popular resort, this week.

German Opera. Last evening, the Marriage of Figaro was given here, in very respectable style ; though we confess, we think the talents of the company are better adapted to serious opera. To-night, the Freischutz, in which the charming Wighens excels herself. Next week, will be produced the new opera, by Herr Heyliger, the excellent basso of the troupe. It is entitled *Chippewa*, and is founded on incidents which occurred during the famous American War of 1812. The great part of General Scott is to be rendered by the composer himself, and it is said, will produce a great sensation. We heard the Herr sing a cavatina from it, at a concert recently given by him, at Sawpitts, and were charmed.

English Opera. This establishment, we regret to find, is not flourishing. We must say, we think the management themselves are to blame in the matter. Why *will* they persist in thrusting upon us such antediluvian entertainments as *Love in a Village*, and *the Waterman*, and *the Quaker*, et id omne genus, with their thin ballads, feeble concerted pieces, and meagre instrumentation? If we *must* have antiques, give us something that has heart and substance in it; Masaniello, for instance, or even *Fra Diavolo*; but not the musical water-gruel aforesaid. There is decided ability in the company, at this house. The tenor, Dobbins, especially, has no superior on the English stage. It is really too bad to hide such talent as his, in such shabby napkins as Tom Tug and Harry Bertram.

American Opera. We have to record the unprecedented success of Binney's opera of *The Bride of Tahiti*. Last night was the fiftieth, and the house was a capital one. This evening, we are to have Leonora. *Here* now, is an antique worth talking about. We confess, we are never weary of hearing this delightful old piece. Such a profusion of sweet melodies all through it; and then, the full and expressive instrumentation; seldom equalled, still more seldom surpassed, by any in the long list of lyrical dramas that have succeeded it. It is not mere pat-

riotic feeling, but the certainty of an unqualified treat, that makes us always glad to see on the bills the name of our *first American opera*. It is superfluous to say, that it will be finely rendered this evening. Mrs. Opie's Leonora, and Mr. Barton's Julio, are too well known to the musical world to need any commendation of ours. The Montalvo, Mr. Sigourney, is a new name to us. The Musical Times of to-day, we perceive, speaks highly of him.

Broadway Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Cashgar, of the oriental theatres, made their début at this house last evening, in Sindbad the Sailor. There was a goodly gathering, and an evident disposition to be pleased; but we must own, for ourselves, to great disappointment. Mr. C. is a good-looking man, with far more assurance than ability. He did not seem to us to enter fairly into the humor of his part, and his attempts at pathos were not to our taste at all. Such performances may pass for first rate, at *Caboul*, or *Ispahan*, but they can never fill the treasury of an American theatre. The ludicrous corpulence of Mrs. Cashgar took the audience quite aback. Their minds were evidently not prepared for such a shock. With all our gallantry, we must acknowledge that we gave way to a most unmitigated guffaw, when the lady first rolled in sight. What made matters worse, the poor thing tripped and fell while

making her preliminary courtesies, and it required the united efforts of half a dozen supernumeraries to raise her. Considering that her part in the piece is a serious one, the occurrence *was* somewhat awkward. Transcendant tragic talent alone, or consummate vocal ability, could, of course, make any headway against the first impressions inevitably produced by such a figure of fun. Mrs. Cashgar, we fear, has neither. The redeeming feature of the evening was Hadaway's Hindbad. It was indeed a consummate piece of acting. We cannot forbear a passing word, by way of expressing our admiration of the scenery. The Valley of Diamonds was more like fairy land than anything we have seen on the American stage.

Burton's. Shakspeare, as usual, at this delightful old Theatre ; as usual, too, most admirably interpreted, and charmingly illustrated. Last night, *Twelfth-Night* was again performed, to a crowded and spell-bound audience. Mr. Wiggins, we need not say, was inimitable as Sir Toby. There is a breadth, fullness, richness, about his rendering of the part, truly Flemish. What mortal can ever forget that amazing twinkle of the eye, with which he remarked that his clothes were good enough to *drink* in ? or the inimitably droll way in which he rallied Sir Andrew upon his dancing abilities ? But why

particularize? The dramatic world knows this matchless performance by heart. We may say the same of Mr. Bland's Malvolio. It is a perfect piece of work, and no student of Shakspeare should miss profiting by it. The clown was done as William Pitt alone can do it; the very image of the dry, sententious, versatile, fun-and-money-loving dog, the poet drew. Mr. Hancock acquitted himself most creditably, as Aguecheek. It was his first experiment in a line altogether new to him, and though somewhat lacking in depth and finish, showed a most intelligent appreciation of the author's meaning. Mrs. Gascon's Lady Olivia was full of delicacy and sensibility, and Miss Shenstone's Viola a most fascinating, bewitching performance. It is, indeed, cruel to criticise a thing so lovely as this last. One would as soon think of analyzing the first prayer of childhood, the first kiss of love, the first violet of spring; so pure, so true, so fragrant was it!

By way of afterpiece, we had (for the thirty-seven thousand and fifteenth time since the founding of the establishment,) the immortal *Toodles*. Immeasurably great was Buckminster, in Timothy. Indeed, we can hardly believe it possible, history and tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, that the renowned dedicator of this dramatic temple, himself, could have surpassed him in the part. Old Haw-

kins, it is true, in his "American Theatre, in the 19th Century," goes into perfect ecstasies, while describing his delineation of it, and of Captain Cuttle, and of Goldfinch, and of many other parts, which he says never were, nor could be approached. And he says the same of Blake's Primrose, and Geoffrey Dale.— And yet, we can't help thinking, that if Buckminster and Bland had lived in those days, he would have gone on, in the same extravagant way, about *them*.

By the way, we stumbled upon a rare old volume of plates, a few days since, in the library of our accomplished antiquarian friend, Dinks, called "New York as it is," and bearing date, 1853. The letter-press, that should have accompanied it, was unfortunately among the missing, but the series of plates was perfect. The very first picture, on which we opened, was "*Interior of Burton's*." What a queer, quaint little handbox of a place, to be sure ! Crowded with jolly-looking folks, though. The scene supposed to be represented, was the famous Quadrille, in the *Serious Family*, and in the features of the astounded Aminadab we recognized at once the veritable original proprietor. The likeness to his statue, in the portico of the present building, was most palpable. On calling D's. attention to it, "Ah," said he, "I have a far greater curiosity than that." He thereupon pointed to a collection of some fifty folios.

"There," said he, "is a complete set of the bills of the establishment, *ab ovo*." He then took down No. 1. of the series of volumes, and on opening it, by a strange coincidence, the very first bill our eyes lit upon was the following. (We are compelled to condense it somewhat, for want of space.)

BURTON'S THEATRE.

(Chambers-Street)

TWELFTH NIGHT OF TWELFTH NIGHT.

This (Tuesday) Evening, April 13, 1852, will be performed the Comedy of Twelfth Night.

Sir Toby Belch.....	Mr. Burton	Sir Andrew.....	Mr. Lester
The Clown.....	" Placide	Malvolio.....	" Blake
The Lady Olivia..	Mrs. Dyott	Viola.....	Miss Weston

To conclude with the Farce of

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Walter.....	Mr. Holman	Rosette.....	Miss M. Taylor
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Eighteen hundred and fifty-two! Here *was* an antique! And so, two centuries and a quarter ago, our dearly beloved ancestors were drinking in this delicious play with the same high relish, that we, their unworthy descendants were, last night. Placide, Blake, Lester, Miss Weston! These names have a pleasant sound; a true dramatic flavor about them. Great favorites in their day, doubtless.—Where are they *now*, and those whom they beguiled

of their tears, and their laughter? But this is not the place, nor are we the persons, to dwell on these tender reminiscences. Such themes are not for anxious, hurrying journalists, but for serene and thoughtful essayists; for such writers as glorious old Irving, or the quaint and gentle-hearted Elia. *Chambers-Street* though! What a place for the Muses! The densest, dirtiest, most odorous part of the Metropolis; where leather-merchants most do congregate.—Pretty quarters for the dainty Lady Olivia! But we must not pause to chatter over the localities of the past, or to wonder whither this Shaksperian shrine will be transferred, in the year 2500. We can only whistle, and proceed.

National Theatre.—*Kossuth* bids fair to have a good run, at this house. We saw a part of it, the other evening. We were not much edified. It is a noisy, flatulent affair, abounding in tinsel sentiment and cheap patriotism. There is a fine show of horses in the second act, and a tremendous volley of musketry every ten minutes, throughout the piece. Every votary of saltpetre, shabby splendor, and gorgeous scenery, can find them here, to his heart's content. The *name*, though, is every thing, and this is, and ever has been, a favorite one with the masses. The Manager will make something handsome out of the old Magyar, hot as the weather may be. Cunning

dog, where would he have been to-day, but for these same patriots? Washington has saved him from bankruptcy, many a time. His next best card, so he told us the other day, was Old Hickory. Warren and Putnam paid well, especially Putnam. Rough and Ready has been a perfect treasure to him. Scott, in fine weather, was remunerative, but he was a trifle out of pocket by Steuben and Kosciusko. He added, in a good natured tone of defiance, that in spite of our disparaging criticisms, he felt sure that the Hungarian would carry him gloriously through the season. We believe it.

Bloomington Theatre.—Since our last visit here, the Manager has given us a new drop-curtain, and a beautiful thing it is, being an excellent copy of that superb old picture, the *Consummation of Empire*. We have often wondered that this glorious production of Cole, now alas, fast crumbling to decay, had not been transferred to the stage, long ago. We cannot conceive of a more gay, brilliant, and appropriate subject. It is superfluous to speak of the performances here. They are uniformly excellent.—*Town and Country* is admirably rendered, and Wilberforce, in Poor Pillicoddy, is enough to drive off the blues for a month.

Columbian Circus.—The Triumph of Marcellus

continues to draw crowds of tickled youngsters, to this establishment.

Jersey City Athenæum.—We spent a delightful hour last evening at this attractive place. The Japanese dancers performed admirably. A beautiful sight is it, indeed, to behold three hundred little cherubs, the eldest not over three years, going through their parts with such marvellous grace and skill.—The costumes, grouping, accessories, music, were all of the best. We wish Albano could have looked in, a moment, when that beautiful tableau was presented, from his own delicious picture of *Love's Funeral*. It was a most sweet and touching spectacle ; more like a precious bit of Dream-Land, than a thing of earth.

Hoboken Lyceum.—The Learned Eagle and Nonpareil Pig, are still the prominent attractions here. They dance the Polka very cleverly, and waltz together, in a style that reflects great honor on their instructors ; after which they sit down to a social game of Backgammon, to the unfeigned glee and amazement of densely crowded houses.

Wilkinson's Evenings with the People.—Cosmopolitan Hall is nightly thronged with Professor W's. admirers ; this too, in spite of the ill-natured and absurd criticisms of a certain morning journal, that *will* persist in calling him the most stupendous

quack extant, and his personations the very incarnation of humbug. The Professor can well afford to laugh at such slurs, while taking in his bushel or two of dollars, per noctem. He is most cordially welcome to *ours*. We never got more for it. To convince ourselves of the genuineness of the performances, we got our friend Dinks, or Polyglott Dinks, as he is pleasantly called by his associates, to accompany us the other night. At his special request, Professor W. instantly improvised in Scandinavian, upon the character of Charlemagne, drew a parallel, in the Patagonian dialect, between Bolivar and Kosuth, and translated "How doth the little busy bee" into the Potawatamie. Of course, we could only follow the Professor very imperfectly, though our ears were charmed with most musical sounds.—Dinks, however, was quite beside himself with delight, at what he called the marvellous spirit, beauty and accuracy of each successive effort. The specimens of Borneo oratory, and Antarctic music, were received, also, with great enthusiasm. Jim along Josey, too, in its various oriental dresses, evidently told upon the assembled masses. Next week, Professor W. gives an extraordinary entertainment, which he calls *The Street-Cries of the Two Hemispheres*, with copious illustrations, and brief explanations. It has been well received every where, and

especially at Congo, where it had a run of a hundred and fifty nights, last season. So look out for a rare treat.

National Academy of Design.—The two hundred and fifty-first exhibition of this Institution, closed, as usual, on the 4th inst. It has been an unusually successful one, both in the character of the works exhibited, and in the number of visitors. More than a hundred and fifty thousand persons have been to see it, exclusive of nearly forty thousand season tickets. Of the two thousand specimens upon the walls, very, very few were there, that did not deserve attention; while we could easily, if our limits permitted, name over, at least, one hundred and fifty of the very highest order of genius. The collection has been exceedingly rich, in the Historical Department. Who that has seen, can ever forget Davis's *Death of Pius IX.*, or Jones's magnificent *Sceues from the English Revolution of 1943*, or Moore's *Storming of Peking*, or his *Siege of Tobolsk*, or Thompson's *Interview of Queen Victoria with Lady Franklin, in 1854*, or Watson's *Webster before the Emperor of Japan*, or that grandest of them all, the gem of the gallery, Wilson's *Death of Henry Clay*? We will not pretend to enumerate any of the scores of fine landscapes, that adorned the collection. They fully sustained the unrivalled ex-

cellence of American art in this branch. The portraits were few, but precious, the Committee rigorously excluding all but *chefs-d'œuvre*. In sculpture, among the many admirable specimens presented, Carey's statue of *Everett*, executed for the University of Virginia, and Hart's exquisite bas-relief copies of the *School of Athens*, and the *Battle of Constantine*, have, by unanimous consent, carried off the highest honors. The next Exhibition of the Academy will, in all probability, be held in their spacious and splendid new building, at the corner of Broadway and 75th Street.

Ah, what's this ?

"The famous collection of *Old American Masters*, of the late Wm. Smith, was duly brought to the hammer on Friday and Saturday last. There was a large attendance, and great competition. This choice gallery was composed almost entirely of antiques, more than nine-tenths of its contents belonging to the first half of the 19th century ; the eccentric deceased having had a peculiar penchant, amounting almost to a monomania, for the works of that era.— The sale commenced with a *Tribute-Money*, by Huntington, a fine specimen of that prolific artist ; beautiful both in color and expression. It brought the handsome sum of \$2800. No. 3, a small but

most charming landscape by Durand, went for \$1500. No. 4, a veritable Leutze, entitled *the Gallantry of Raleigh*, after brisk bidding, was knocked down to Samuel Dinks, Esq., for \$2950. No. 8, *King Death*, by Gray, a most characteristic specimen of this rare old master, brought \$800. No. 11, *Flower Piece*, by Ingham, \$300. Nos. 15 and 16, *Spirit of War* and *Spirit of Peace*, by Cropsey. These rare old pictures were the subject of a spirited contest between two distinguished literary gentlemen of the metropolis, and were finally disposed of for \$8000. No. 21, a well authenticated *portrait of Irving*, by Inman, \$700. No. 27, a magnificent *Kensett*, of large size, \$2850. No. 28, by do., \$1100. No. 34, *Landscape*, by Huntington, a superb specimen of this master, though small, \$1400. No. 38, *The Agreeable Surprise*, by Mount, sadly faded, but full of expression, \$700. No. 40, *Mount Ætna*, by Cole, \$1800. No. 41, *Ruins of Kenilworth*, (small) by Cropsey, \$500. No. 47, *Mountain Torrent*, by Kensett, \$950. No. 50, *A New England Scene*, by Church, a glorious specimen, secured by Mr. Dinks, for \$1900. No. 51, *Marine Piece*, still finer, by do., \$2400. No. 60, *The Bride*, by Woodville. This charming cabinet picture was run away with by Mr. Wiggins, the banker, for the sum of \$500. A strange sacrifice, this. We cannot comprehend it, considering the ex-

treme rarity of this master's works. Nos. 64 and 65, completing the catalogue, the *Departure and Return*, by Cole, and *the* pictures of the collection, were, after a most spirited competition, secured by the last named gentleman, for the sum of eleven thousand dollars. The proceeds of the sale of the entire collection were a fraction over eighty thousand dollars."

Ah, here we are, again, amongst the *Advertisements*. What a wilderness! A bold man, that would venture to thread its mazes! Dense, motley throng; faithful images of all the needs, sorrows, struggles, energies, pleasures, follies, crimes of the children of men! What corner of earth is not here represented? What depth of despair not sounded? What lofty, what vile passion not appealed to? Here we have some spirited Cough-Drop stanzas, floating down the stream of Time, alongside of a curt, tart Bank Notice. Here the immolation of a turtle is duly announced to the epicure, cheek by jowl with the offer to dispose of a most eligible pew, in Dr. Dobbins's fashionable church. Here a fat old dowager offers a round sum for the restoration of a pet tan-colored terrier, and right under her, a poor, broken-hearted mother is making a last desperate effort for the recovery of her fugitive son.— Here we have *through* tickets to Behring's Straits,

announced, side by side with the last new cure for Consumption. Ah, here our worthy Mayor offers a reward of a thousand dollars for a runaway murderer, while an infuriated husband, in the next column, offers one cent for an absconding better half. Holloa ! here are two queer specimens :

“The subscriber, not altogether pleased with his prospects in the life to come, and therefore not over anxious to dissolve the partnership existing between soul and body, hereby offers his services, as scribbler, to either party, in church or state, for a bare pittance. Address,

B. ARNOLD,
27 1-2 Desbrosses-st.”

“The subscriber has three hundred legal votes at his disposal, to which he begs leave to call the attention of the wire-pullers of the two great political parties. He may be seen daily, (Sundays *not* excepted), between eleven and one, at the Washington Billiard and Bowling Saloon, 2000 Broadway, from now till the November election.

PETER WALPOLE.”

Well, this beats all ! That votes and consciences have been disposed of, at private sale, more or less, ever since the expulsion, cannot be denied by the most unflinching optimist. But hitherto, men have

had the decency to do these things in a corner. It was reserved for the twenty-first century of our era, to witness such unblushing profligacy as the above. And here, a purchaser actually takes up the last-named scoundrel, in the same column :

“The undersigned will pay ten dollars in cash for each and every of three hundred and fifty duly authenticated legal Whig votes, to be used in the Sixth Ward, in the coming contest. Apply to

G. W. ROSCOE,

49 Palladium Buildings, Polk Place.”

Ah, I'll read no more. This is too infamous. *Such* transactions, in market overt, too, and under a meridian sun, are not to be endured. *If this* be progress, welcome, welcome, dear old dark ages ! Oh let me hasten back, back, while I may, to the century from which I come.

Away, away, foul fiend ! and take with thee this villainous, this mendacious sheet of thine.

To think that I should have been thus made a fool of, thus diabolically humbugged ! To think that my poor, flighty brain, and credulous fancy, have been the sport, all this while, of some rascally, grinning imp of darkness !

How *could* I have been such an ass ? How could

I have accepted, for a moment, such a heap of far-fetched fabrications, absurd whims, and grotesque conceits, for a true picture of the glorious future that awaits the nation ?

Ah, to have had a *real* peep into the *bona fide* Evening Star of that blessed day ahead ! Or a glimpse of the dear town, of whose doings it is the fore-ordained chronicle !

But this miserable substitute, this abominable mass of fibs, I have no patience with it. I cannot forgive myself for having been thus damnably imposed on.

Such a theme, too, to be treated in this irreverent, mocking spirit ; a theme worthy of the dearest thoughts, the choicest inspirations of the philosopher, the patriot, and the poet ! Outrageous !

Off with you, then, you vile, swindling limb of Satan. Don't stand grinning there, in the doorway, but pick up your infernal document, and away with you.

He's gone, thank Heaven, and I am back again, safe and sound, in the blessed nineteenth century, and in the midst of the fifty-second Fourth of July thereof ; feeling, I trust, all that a patriot ought to feel, as I sit here, listening to the delicious music of the squibs, and gazing forth upon the copious clouds of dust, that from time immemorial have refreshed and embellished our dearly beloved metropolis !

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
WHIMSICAL SOCIETY.

THE Whimsiculi held their valedictory meeting for the season, a few evenings since. There was not a very strong representation of us, and hardly the usual spirit in our proceedings. To say truth, we have hardly been ourselves, since the sudden and mysterious departure of our late President, my ever-to-be-lamented kinsman, Whimsiculo the Elder. Sad, indeed, is our loss. He was truly one of our choicest spirits, our trump cards; an early and stanch friend, I had almost said, the founder of our invaluable Society.

At our last meeting, a most feeling tribute was rendered to his memory, by Brother Wiggins, a copy of which is now in the hands of the publisher. He

alluded again to the subject, this evening, concluding his remarks with a sort of Plutarcho-Johnsonoparallel between him and our other dear deceased brother, Waggles. I subjoin a few extracts :

“ Having thus dwelt, Mr. President, on some of the moral and philosophical points of resemblance in the characters of our lamented friends, permit me to descend to minor matters. And first, as to those appertaining unto *costume*. Both W.’s were very, very far from being leaders of the fashion ; on the contrary, they lagged most frightfully and disgracefully in the rear. So much so, indeed, that the reigning mode has been known to get round, and overtake, and pass by them, several times in the course of their respective pilgrimages. Decennial were the dress-coats of Whimsiculo in duration ; quindecennial, at the least, those of Waggles. Oh, how often have I seen the right foot of the former under his left boot, and vice versa : while the hat that the latter wore, looked not only ante-revolutionary in its aspect, but as if it might have been extant in the great struggle of 1688. Uniformly filthy were their handkerchiefs, and ragged their gloves ; and this, in spite of all the efforts and objurgations of their better halves.

Neither W. could have been considered a *crack shot*. In a duel with either, a prudent man would

have decidedly preferred being principal, to second. 'The object aimed at, (I am using Waggles' own words,) would unquestionably have been the 'safest object within range.' The same with Whimsiculo. Precarious, indeed, would have been the subsistence *his* rifle would have yielded him. 'So far,' said he, while speaking to me once upon this point, 'so far from bringing down my bird at two hundred yards, I do not believe that I could bring down my hog, at a solitary pace.' Thus feelingly and beautifully did he express himself!

As *Whips*, too, neither of them shone; Waggles, from a natural aversion to the great majority of manly exercises; Whimsiculo, from a hopeless and incurable absence of mind, that involved him in perpetual disasters. The last time that I saw the latter officiating in this capacity, the result of the experiment was that the whole party brought up, right side down, in the centre of a large carpet warehouse.

The same may be said of their efforts as *Equestrians*. The three or four excursions, *à cheval*, that I have made in past years with Whimsiculo, were nearly all signalized by inglorious tumbles, on his part. I never saw Waggles but once, on horseback, and then it seemed to me that the animal was rather 'wandering at his own sweet will,' than at that of

the lord of creation who was astraddle of him. At any rate, the rider (who wore no straps) did not look pleased, or tranquil.

At *Table*, both our lamented brothers were indeed wonder-workers; but in different styles.—Whimsiculo ate with a fire and fury worthy of the Litchfield sage himself; heaping up the most enormous and ill-assorted masses of viands upon his plate, and causing them to disappear with an unappreciating rapidity that would have driven any well-educated French cook, in disgust, to his charcoal-pan. Waggles, on the other hand, carried all before him, by virtue of his methodical action, his patient industry, and his truly catholic tastes; thus verifying that terse maxim of Quintillian, *Porcus tranquillus in edibilia mirabiliter ambulat*.

Neither dear defunct was well posted up, theoretically or practically, in matters of *Finance*. Neither was ever known to be flush. A note drawn by Waggles, and endorsed by Whimsiculo, or drawn by Whimsiculo and endorsed by Waggles, it must be confessed by their warmest admirers, was rather an anxious piece of property to hold. Their names, on however pleasant a footing they may stand with posterity, were not honored as they ought to have been by the fiscal arbiters of Wall-street.

This is not the place, Mr. President, nor am I the

man, to render adequate justice to the literary abilities and achievements of our lamented brethren. But I cannot forbear asking, sir, is it not strange that our profound admiration and high valuation of their merits, have been so little responded to by the world without? It is but too evident, thus far, that the public has shown itself incapable of fathoming the depth, or of comprehending the grasp, of their genius. Else how is it, that Whimsiculo's magnificent performance, in one corpulent quarto, entitled 'A bran new plan for the Reconstruction of Society,' (I go into these particulars, Mr. President, for the benefit of the newly-elected members, for the rest of us know the dear book by heart,) how is it, I ask, that this great work has turned out so disastrously for the publisher? how is it, that of the five hundred copies of the first and final edition, four hundred and ninety-seven are still slumbering sweetly on his shelves? How else, too, can we explain the unhand-some treatment, by that same public, of Waggle's sublime tragedy of *Heliogabalus*? Why was it, that of the three hundred who witnessed the opening scene of the play, only three had sense and taste enough to remain to the catastrophe? Why, Mr. President, one stupid wretch, who sat alongside of me on that occasion, actually got up and went out, in the middle of the first act, remarking that it was

an infernal shame to begin always with these dull farces. He had evidently mistaken it for the after-piece. Poor Waggles ! He used to try hard to console himself with the recollection that the Barber of Seville itself, was hissed off the stage at first ; and also with the thought, that even Othello, had it appeared anonymously, in these degenerate days, would have probably met with a similar reception.

But let the outer world think what it will, Mr. President, of these dear departed fellow-members. *We* knew them, sir, and appreciated them, alike as gentlemen, scholars, and humorists ; if eccentric, yet amiable ; if decidedly queer, equally decidedly clever ; if almost always absurd, yet hardly ever malicious. Especially shall we cherish their memories, sir, as the crackers of innocent jokes, the perpetrators of atrocious puns, and the weavers of inexplicable conundrums."

The subject of debate for the evening, was as follows : " Would the world have been more benefitted by the five thousand jokes of Solomon, that we *have not*, than it has been by his five thousand proverbs, that we *have* ? "

Scroggins said, he was perfectly satisfied with the present arrangement. Any other would have been manifestly inappropriate, nay, absurd. The inquiry

itself was an improper one ; and while he cheerfully acquitted the Committee, who proposed it, of intentional irreverence, he yet thought it was most unfortunately worded. He would not dwell, either, on the obvious inaccuracy of the last clause of the question ; every reader of his Bible well knowing that it contains but a small instalment of those same five thousand precious maxims. But had there been far fewer of them than we have, still, the idea of comparing them for a moment, with any given amount of jokes, from the same or any other source, seemed perfectly infamous. Had King Solomon, indeed, in his secular capacity, seen fit to put forth a volume, of the humorous nature suggested, it would, no doubt, have been a feast of fat things, and would have caused a world of hearty, healthful laughter through the long generations that have come after him. But even *his* witticisms, how trifling, how worthless would they appear, alongside of those golden proverbs, those treasures of wisdom, those concentrated essences of all the sweets and bitters of human experience, those mirrors of the soul, those teachers, guardians, pilots for the stormy voyage of life. To compare things so precious, and got up at such cost, such an outlay of brains, and tears, and sorrows, with the creations of idle fancies, or the whims of sportive hours ; mon-

strous, monstrous ! But he would throw away no more breath, in arguing such a point.

Quizzico agreed with brother Scroggins, in regretting the introduction of King Solomon's name in this connexion. It was certainly not altogether becoming. At the same time, he had no doubt that that monarch cracked a great many glorious jokes, in his day and generation, and, for one, he deeply regretted that the stenographers to his majesty did not jet down some of them, for the gratification of posterity. They doubtless preferred flirting with the ladies of the Court. On the general subject, however, of the comparative value to society, of jokes and proverbs, he differed materially from his learned brother. He thought a downright, first-rate, A. No. 1 joke, was the greatest conceivable blessing to the race ; worth all the dull maxims that children had copied, in primary schools, since the fall ; and that the man who uttered or indited it, had far more legitimate claims upon the skill of the sculptor, than nine-tenths of the solemn owls, and wholesale cut throats, in perpetuating whose ugly mugs, so much good marble had been wasted. No men alive, continued Q., were more sensible of the value of jokes, than the proprietors of the immortal Punch, who had often given their five, ten, fifteen pounds, for a solitary respectable specimen of the article. What *would* they have

said, then, these jolly dogs, to five thousand tip-top ones, from a man of the profound observation and multiform experience of the great Jewish King?—Quizzico then enlarged upon the beneficial effects of joking on the tempers and digestions of the children of men; sustaining his arguments by the following authorities: Lord Munden, in *Cockletop vs. Cockletop*, 4 O'Keefe 217. Mathews' *Monopolylogues*, 2. 147. Ch. J. Hilson, in *Pry vs. Savory*, 6 O'Keefe, 189, and the learned opinion of Judge Burton, in the celebrated *Dombey* case.

Muggins avowed himself the uncompromising enemy of all jokes. At least ninety-nine hundredths of them were mere nuisances and breed-bates; conceived in folly, brought forth in malice, and only kept alive by the weakness and wickedness of the world. How much bloodshed, too, had they cost! Most of the duels, many of the wars, that had disgraced the earth, could be directly traced to some contemptible quiz, or vile practical joke. These last were the most diabolical of all; but the least objectionable had yet a touch of Satan about them. Who ever associated jokes with a future state of rewards?—*Devils* grin, but angels are ever pensive. For himself, he had never heard of any real, substantial benefit to society, rendered by jokes. On the contrary, they were the very missiles, that selfish, sen-

sual men were for ever throwing at the heads of true reformers and benefactors. *They* had uniformly been grave, if not sad men. As to the value of proverbs, M. coincided most entirely and heartily, with what had fallen from brother Scroggins. The world would soon be a wilderness, without them. A ship without rudder or compass, a highway without milestones or finger-posts, these were faint emblems of the unfurnished, unhappy condition of things, that would exist, were these precious embodiments of the wisdom of ages, withdrawn from us. As a well-lighted coast to the mariner, so is a good book of maxims to life's voyager. We want every ray of light that we can get, in this bad, perilous world, both from heaven above, and the good men about us, if we would avoid disgraceful shipwreck. After pursuing this allegorical strain of remark for some time, Muggins renewed the attack on jokes, more fiercely than ever, concluding by saying, that all the confirmed practical jokers that he had ever known, had, without exception, spent the evening of their days at Sing Sing.

Whimsiculo the Younger took up the cudgels, most warmly, for the jokers. He could not sit still, he said, and listen to such an outrageously one-sided view of the subject, as had been exhibited by the last speaker. What histories had he read, what company

had he kept, to say that jokes had never done any good to the race? For his part, he believed that as many public quarrels, as many black eyes in private life, had been prevented, as caused, by them. So far from hurrying men into their graves, they were the very things to keep them out of them. Every good joke was a week's addition, at least, to a man's lease of life. Jokes of no benefit to society, forsooth!—Why, was it not notorious, that they were, too often, the last resort of the champions of sense and right; the only missiles that could reach tyranny and bigotry? How many men had been driven from their follies and vices, by a single well-aimed joke, that you might have peppered with saws and maxims till doomsday, to no purpose. How many men were there, who could storm a town with relish, and look the most death-dealing batteries in the face, without flinching, who yet have run away right speedily from a shower of squibs and sarcasms. To say that the body politic had derived no benefit from such searching medicines as these, was absurd. The gentleman, in the course of his remarks, seemed to take it for granted, that there was no such thing as fun in heaven, while broad grins abounded in the other place. He, Whimsiculo, thought this an entirely gratuitous assumption. Because, alas, a shade stole over the countenances of the blessed angels, as they drew

nigh this thoughtless, sinful world of ours, on their errands of love and mercy, did it follow, that in their own heavenly homes, they had no glorious frolics? Did the vaults of heaven never respond to the shouts of their sparkling, their delicious hilarity? He, for one, did not wish to cherish any such contracted notions of that blessed spot. To him, the merry, ringing laugh of a sweet, lovely girl, was the very thing that, more than aught else on earth, recalled heaven. To be sure, it was not considered very proper, in us poor feeble-witted mortals, to speculate upon these matters, though we hoped to find out something satisfactory about them, in due season. Whimsiculo went on to say, that though a joker himself, and the son of a notorious joker, he yet trusted that he was alive to the dignity and worth of proverbs. Like all other good things, however, he thought they were sadly abused and perverted, and were, quite too often, mere props for feeble wits to lean on, or else, places of refuge for unfair and illogical disputants. But his five minutes were up.

Simpkins had no objection to a decent joke, at the right time and place; but this eternal jesting, that some people practice, turning every scene into a ring, and themselves into the clowns thereof, he did not believe in. Nothing was too reverend or beautiful, to escape the gibes of certain persons. He was

sorry to say that he had known even clergymen go sadly astray in this regard. No longer ago than the previous Sabbath, he had heard a divine so far forget himself, as to let off from the sacred desk, a volley of jokes, that ———, the auctioneer, had never equalled, in his most glib moments. For such misrepresentatives of their Master, he had no respect whatever. Some persons really seemed to consider the whole probationary state, a broad farce, and the Scriptures a mere quiz, and hell itself a capital joke. Others saw a good deal of fun, (i.e. if not found out,) in sanded sugar, watered rum, false weights, thrice-paid bills, and such like bits of waggy. Others seemed to consider it charming sport, to fling the government out of a round sum, through the facilities afforded by an *ad valorem* tariff. *Such* practical jokers ought, indeed, (as brother Muggins had said *was* the case,) to conclude their career in government-appointed residences. S. feared, however, that the great majority of them did not get their pay this side the grave. As to the broad grins, on the *other* side, to which his predecessor had so flippantly alluded, that gentleman might perhaps find to his cost, that there was not much merriment about them. Such grins, forsooth, as were seen in inquisition-dungeons, and the frightful chambers of dentists, not the pleasant distortions occasioned by a Hood or a

Cruickshank. As to his other equally irreverent conjectures about the joys of heaven, S. would only say, that if there *were* gayeties there, as well as gravities, it was altogether unlikely that he, W., would ever participate in them. After one or two more pleasant little personalities of this sort, Simpkins resumed his seat.

The President said he would detain the Society with only a brief remark or two. He confessed to a decided partiality for jokes and jokers. Brother Muggins had said that the world would soon be a wilderness without proverbs. *He* thought it would be a still more dreary and desolate place without the jokes. All the best men of his acquaintance had been full of their fun. The mad wags, as they were called, were, almost uniformly, the most sensible and kind hearted men afloat. All the great authorities were in favor of joking. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, said one of the most illustrious of them; a man, who, while he stowed away a great deal of delicious Falernian under his jacket, also took good care to line his knowledge-box with the choicest wit and science of his day.

Where would the world of literature and art be, to-day, if the jocose portions were missing? Was not the greatest of poets, the greatest of jokers? Take all the fun and fun-makers out of Shakspeare,

and you take full half, and perhaps the best half, of that ever-blessed volume. The bare idea of such a thing made one miserable. What, drive Gobbo and Gratiano out of the Merchant of Venice, silence the merry prattle of Benedict and Beatrice, not even allow Mercutio his three little acts of frolic, rob Lear of his fool, stop the sweet mouth of Rosalind, condemn the illustrious Touchstone to mere pantomime, and turn fat Jack himself, and all his merry men, into bare tableaux vivans? Horrible, horrible suggestion! It would be like banishing the gay flowers and dancing brooks from the great volume of nature. But he would not trespass any longer upon their patience.

On putting the question, there was found to be a most overwhelming show of hands for the jokers.

Mystifico then produced a couple of those mysterious Jarvisian manuscripts of his, the genuineness of which, he says, he is the more and more convinced of, the deeper he gets into them. The first purports to be a free and friendly letter from one Spurius Fibbius, at Rome, to his friend and pitcher, Rufus Jonesius, at Baia.

ROMÆ, Prid. Kal. Junii, A. U. 735.

DEAR RUFUS:—I write you, to-day, rather from the force of habit, than from having anything spe-

cially interesting to communicate. It is right-hot weather here, I assure you. Corvus's thermometer in the Campus Martius, stood at 82 at sunrise this morning. You must have a real roasting time of it at Baiæ, notwithstanding those delicious sea-breezes. And are you really deriving any benefit from the waters? Jove grant it! May you speedily be restored to us. I am dying to see you. I find no company here at all comparable to yours. So take pity on me, my dear fellow. Have the goodness to get well as fast as possible. I believe, *now*, that the pure air of Tibur would, after all, be of more service to you, than all the hot bathing this side of Styx. What say you to a jaunt there? Unfold your views, in a right speedy reply.

Our friend Catulus has just returned from Spain, after a three years' absence. He is looking right hearty. Mæcenus gave him a grand supper last night, in honor of the occasion. There were some dozen of us present. It is superfluous to say that it was a magnificent affair. *Such* turbot, such cæcuban, such music, such fun! C. was always a wicked wag, you know, and this Spanish tour of his has enlarged his budget of stories amazingly. He poured out one continual stream of spicy anecdotes; some of them, it must be confessed, a little too free to suit some of the guests, though that scamp, Horace, was

inexpressibly tickled. Our host, however, did not seem to be in his usual spirits. Time and the cares of state are beginning to tell upon him, at last. He always *was* a poor sleeper, too, you know. And then, that tormenting, fascinating, vixen of a wife of his, that he can neither live with nor without, keeps him in eternal hot water. Beautiful she-devil that she is, what a row she will kick up in Tartarus when she gets there! Mæcenas, too, say what you will, with all his affectation of indolence and luxurious living, is, and has been, a confounded hard worker; none more so in the imperial city. His book on Government, by the way, is just out. I was looking over it yesterday. My own opinion on such subjects, as you know, is not worth a rush, but all our best jurists and statesmen pronounce it a masterpiece. The emperor, they say, is charmed with it, and even Agrippa condescends to applaud it. If I thought you really meant to stay any time at Baïæ, I'd send you my copy, for I find it too abstruse for my poor brain, especially this warm weather.

We had a grand review of troops, the other day, at the old place, outside the Viminal, being the last great turn-out before Agrippa's departure for Germany. It was a brilliant, spirited affair. A. is positively off, with his six legions, some time next week. Young Licinius goes with him, as a member of his

staff. The more fool he, say I. A young fellow in his position, and with such expectations, wilfully to abandon the advantages of the metropolis in this way ; to forego the *cuisine*, fashion, fun, frolic of dear delightful Rome, and bury himself alive among those absurd provincials, those abominable Goths, those beer-swillers, those chicory-chewers !* I have no patience with him. Rome for *my* money. A day here, in this great, throbbing heart of the world, is worth a generation in such dreary, out-of-the-way parts of creation. So thought I, at least, and so exclaimed I, last night, as I stood gazing, in the moonlight, at the exquisite portico of our majestic Pantheon. What a scene ! As I paused, lingering over its beautiful proportions, and then gazed at the sumptuous piles around it, with their grand masses of light and shadow, and at those noble equestrian statues in front of me, and at that stately procession of columns on the left, tapering away in the distance in dim perspective, and as I listened to the murmurs of the adjacent fountains, interrupted only by the shouts of passing revellers, or mingling ever and anon with the strains of distant serenaders, even I, the sober-minded, practical, truthful Fibbius, was quite transported with delight ; was borne away, in

* The antique substitute for Tobacco.—Sec Tac de Mor. Germ. c. 36. Pliny (H. N. 34, 5.)

spite of myself, far from the ignorant present, into the blessed land of dreams! Jove bless Agrippa, for that magnificent temple! Had he done nothing else for his native city, he would deserve immortal honor at her hands.

Holloa, holloa, I think I hear you exclaim, what are you about, man? You *are* getting romantic, with a vengeance! Pardon me, Rufus, but sometimes my old pen will get going, you know, in a most absurd and flighty manner. Let me speedily descend to my proper level.

Have your horses arrived yet? I gave that scamp, Caius, the most explicit directions on the subject. -I shall crucify the scoundrel, without fail, if they don't reach you safe and sound. Rome, by the way, was never so full of first-rate horseflesh, within my recollection. I should think all Persia, Arabia, and Thessaly had been ransacked, so filled are the streets with splendid specimens. Young Piso, our neighbor, turned out with a magnificent pair of bays, yesterday, and one of Plancus's tip-top chariots. A bright boy, that! He begins early, and is bound to go ahead, as Socrates would say. He will put his little property through, I foresee, with marvellous velocity. Young Vinnius drives altogether the prettiest tandem in town. The way in which he pilots his team through our narrow, winding streets, reflects

great credit on his early training. Since my late inglorious spill, on the Via Flaminia, I have begun to look with great contempt on my abilities in this walk of art.

In the world of fashion, there is nothing of special interest. The flirtations of the beautiful and wayward Terentia are still town-talk. The saucy jade, she has even presumed to set her cap at the Emperor himself. Confound her impudence! And yet, it is hard to say a word against such a bewitchingly handsome creature. Helen herself could not have looked more lovely than she did yesterday, on the Pincian. With what inimitable grace and skill did she manage those superb ponies of hers. How different a creature, in every way, from her sister, the ugly and exemplary Cornelia!

I dropped in for a little while, the other night, at the theatre of Marcellus. They were playing Mæcenâs's Octavia. Heavy, heavy work. Between ourselves, the tragedy is a most stupendous failure. The finest acting on earth couldn't save it. There was one fine passage, to be sure, descriptive of old Curius Dentatus, that was warmly applauded; but all the rest, trash, trash, trash. It is really inconceivable, how a man of the exquisite taste of Mæcenâs, keeping the company, too, of the choicest wits and poets, wielding, more-

over, such a tremendous pen on all political and financial subjects, should, nevertheless, have made such a complete ass of himself, (I *must* say it, if I were to swing for it, before morning,) on this occasion. Had it not been known to be the production of the Premier, the audience would have given the play a most unmistakeable and effectual damnation. Your young protégé, Ambustus, by the way, made his début in this piece. An unfortunate selection, certainly; but I doubt whether he will ever cut much of a figure as a tragedian. At least, there seems to me to be far more of the sock than buskin in his composition.

I ran against Horace this morning, in the Forum. He looked fresh as a rose, notwithstanding the copious imbibitions of yesterday. He'll pay for it, though, some of these fine mornings. I hinted as much to him. "So be it," said he, "dum vivimus, vivamus, and Pluto take the hindmost. Better two-score years and five of fun, than three-score and ten of moping." And so he rattled on, incorrigible son of Epicurus that he is. He insisted on my going with him to Davisius's, who has just received a cask of superlative old Opimian, that saw its hundredth birthday last vintage. Horace was determined to have it, and his own purse not being equal to the effort, he over-persuaded me to go halves in it with

him. By the way, I see that that superb amethyst drinking service, which you admired so much in Pompey's Portico, is still to be bought. It is strange to me that it wasn't snapped up, long ago. The unconscionable dog of an owner, though, won't take a sesterce less than two talents for the set. What say you, shall I secure it for you, ere it is too late?

I looked in at the Courts, for a few moments yesterday. Sempronius tells me that there is not the remotest probability that your cause will be reached this term. They were still hammering away at *Cocles vs. Cocles*. It was my good fortune to hear plaintiff's counsel recite, to a highly edified bench, the concluding portion of his thirteenth sur-rebutter. When he had finished, defendant's counsel rose, and began his fourteenth rebutter, whereupon we spectators promptly vanished. There seems to be an inexhaustible crop of new disclosures, in this strange case. When and how it will end, Numa only knows. On my way home, I stumbled over that mad wag, Papirius. I made an allusion to the aforesaid interminable suit. "Ah," said he, "that's nothing to a case still going on, in the Thessalian law-courts."—"Indeed, and pray what's that?" "What," he replied, "is it possible you have never heard of the great case of *Telamon vs. Deucalion*?" "Never: what is it all about?" "I'll tell you," said he. "You

must know, then, that at the period of the great flood named after him, Deucalion was not only contesting the crown of Thessaly with his cousin, but was also most deplorably embarrassed, financially ; so much so, that when he went on board the good ship Omega, wherein he and his amiable Pyrrha were preserved, there were several heavy judgments against him in the K.B., C.B. and other Thessalian tribunals.— Among other transactions, it seems he had given a cognovit to one Telamon, a contemporary tailor, who had brought an action of assumpsit against him, for several suits of sables sold and delivered ; laying his damages at ten talents, and said cognovit being tendered and accepted, for one-half that amount. What occurred, aboard the Omega, you know as well as I, every gentleman and scholar being supposed to have read Deucalion's journal of the voyage. Well, the waters subsided, Mr. and Mrs. D. disembarked, threw the stones behind their backs, as the oracle directed, and aided by the recruits thus raised, began afresh the work of cultivation and civilization. Some six weeks after the disembarkation, while D. and his wife were having a social game of piquette in front of D.'s house, (which was at once palace and log cabin,) who should present himself but the identical Telamon, the antediluvian tailor and plaintiff ! His tale was briefly told. Having had a vague presentiment

of the disaster that was to come over the planet, he had, a day or two before the catastrophe, quietly made the best of his way to a secluded spot in the neighborhood, taking with him an axe, a coil of ropes, a skin of wine, and a bag of biscuits. He had prepared his raft, secured his provisions, and was fairly afloat, and had made a good offing before being discovered by his neighbors. Notwithstanding all the terrors and sufferings of his voyage, he had yet, incredible as it seemed, managed to ride out the gale, had made his first land on Mount Æta, and from that place had scrambled, with infinite pain and fatigue, towards his own home, nearly starved to death, and fully prepared to find himself the only soul alive. Judge of his surprise, then, at seeing such a large population, made up, too, of entire strangers to him. After further explanations, Telamon concluded by alluding to certain outstanding liabilities, and earnestly requested Deucalion, that when the first coin of the realm should be struck off, they might be duly discharged therein, with interest. He at the same time showed him the cognovit which he had given, and which he, Telamon, had secured about his person, in case it might *possibly* come into play after the subsidence of the waters. Deucalion fired up instantly. He told Telamon that he was impertinent; that his appearance there was, under existing

circumstances, the height of impudence ; that he was no longer extant in the eyes either of gods or men ; that his *turning up* in this style, could only be attributed to some unaccountable oversight on the part of Neptune ; that he considered him and his claims, both legally and equitably defunct ; and, in a word, bade him be off. The poor man retired, disgusted and desperate. Shortly after this occurrence, a rebellion broke out in Thessaly, and Deucalion was compelled to abdicate in favor of one Melibœus. No sooner had he returned to the walks of private life, than Telamon commenced an action against him. A copiously worded declaration, based on the *cognovit* above referred to, was served upon defendant's attorney, who had the unblushing impudence to allege in his plea, that said *cognovit* was an arrant forgery. The court was greatly embarrassed. While perfectly convinced of the substantial equity of plaintiff's claim, they yet could hardly bring themselves, as sound lawyers, to recognize the validity of an unverified document ; a document, too, which never *could* be verified here below, all oral and record evidence having been alike swallowed up in the great convulsion. Unwilling to turn the plaintiff out of court without redress, and not daring to decree him damages, they declined giving a decision ; nor has any bench of Thessalian judges been found willing

to commit themselves upon the point, from that day to this. All this while, the personal representatives of the respective parties have been paying fat fees to lawyers, and waxing more and more fiery and furious upon the subject, in each successive generation! Papirius was proceeding to make some instructive and valuable comments upon this extraordinary case, when the approach of the Emperor and his suite diverted his attention, and I presently lost sight of him in the crowd. I give you the statement for what it is worth.

* * * * *

The subscription to dear Virgil's monument is progressing finely. More than twenty thousand names are appended to it already. The Emperor insisted on heading the list with his denarius, no larger sum being allowed, in order that all may have the privilege of joining in this tribute of admiration and love. To think that it is only a little twelvemonth, since the blessed bard left us for Elysium! But life at Rome is so crowded with events, that weeks seem years almost. I take great shame to myself, Rufus, that I am so deplorably ignorant of his divine poetry. Why haven't I your industry and perseverance?—Why am I so abominably indolent and pleasure-seeking? I used to be considered a pretty bright scholar,

too, when we were boys together at the University of Tusculum.

But I have quite exhausted your patience with this long rigmarole. You will be, more than ever, the champion of cheap postage, after receiving it.— Well, well, forgive and burn it, but don't fail to reply to it, and in the meantime believe me, (whatever else I may be,) your ever devoted and faithful

FIBBIUS.

RUFUS JONESIUS,
Villa Mariana, Baia.

Mystifico here remarked, that from a clause in the concluding sentence of the above epistle, as well as from the obvious traces of a post-mark, upon the MS. itself, he was compelled to doubt the accuracy of the dogmatical statements of the antiquarians, that there was no such thing as an established post known in the Roman States. M. went into the point, with a good deal of learning, and evident feeling. He then remarked, that the next document, which he would respectfully submit to the consideration of the Society, went to show that a Penny Press was not entirely unknown in ancient Greece. It was as follows.

*"Fragments from a frightfully mutilated copy
of the Cecropian Spectator.*

VOL. XV. No. 4. Athens, Hecatombæon, 16. Ol. 87.2. Price 3 Oboli.

Cebes, Editor.

GIVE US LIGHT.

Speusippus, Proprietor.

We perceive, by the Mantinea Democrat, the Tegea Blade, and other journals, that the Arcadia Wine Law is working just as we predicted it would, from the first, i.e. most lamentably. A recent attempt to enforce it, at Megalopolis, terminated in a disgraceful riot, accompanied with loss of life ; the particulars of which will be found in another column. We sincerely trust that the lesson will not be thrown away upon our Arcadian brethren, and that their eyes will be opened to the folly of this ultra, this excessive legislation. We go, with all our hearts, for the supremacy of the law, but at the same time, we would have the lawgiver know his proper place. There *are* things, altogether too sacred in their character, for his interference ; matters that lie entirely between man and the gods, and over which the Court of Conscience has, and ever must have, exclusive jurisdiction. There are others, upon which a certain degree of legislation would be very desirable, but which, from the very nature of the case, it is next to impossible to legislate about, to any purpose. Pre-eminent among these, we consider this same matter of drink

ing. We do not believe that the combined wisdom of Lycurgus, Solon, and Numa, could frame a statute that would effectually expel the evil of intemperance from society. Appetite and opportunity would be sure to get round it, somehow or other. And then the expense of enforcing it. Why, it would drain the richest treasury on earth of its last drachma, and, after all, bribery and corruption would carry the day. Oh, no, no. We must leave these things to public opinion ; to men's own sense of what is right and decent ; to the Priesthood and the Press ; to the homily of the philosopher, and the lash of the satirist, and not cumber our statute-books with ineffectual enactments concerning them.

Furthermore, we consider this same Arcadia Wine Law not merely unwise, not merely a direct and standing invitation to all sorts of perjury and rascality, but a most unwarrantable invasion of private rights. Nor will a free people long submit, as the recent affair at Megalopolis most clearly shows, to any such outrageous dictation. The idea of prescribing to a man, *how many* cups of Chian he should wash his dinner down with, would itself be sufficiently aggressive and absurd ; as much so, as to limit his slices of mutton, or the number of sandals he should wear per annum ; but to go farther, and tell him that he may not even take a solitary night cap of good

old Lesbian, at a public house, after a hard day's work too, without the perils of fine and imprisonment, it is monstrous, it is insufferable.

We should like to see the experiment tried in *this* city. We'd see the whole Assembly in Tartarus, before submitting to any such folly and tyranny.—Who can tell, though? This is the age of theorists and reformers, of revolutionizers and new lights, and we must be prepared, of course, for all sorts of eccentricities in legislation. Minerva knows, there are enough of them, in literature and philosophy!

We can't help hoping, however, that our Arcadian friends will give the wiseacres who concocted the precious law in question, their several walking-tickets, at the coming meeting, and appoint calmer, wiser, and more capable men on the Committee. May it be so, both for their own and Peloponnesus' sake.

A CARD.

TO MY CREDITORS.—By the kind permission of the Polemarch, I will meet you in the Rotunda of the Exchange in this city, on the first day of the coming month of Metageitnion, at 3 P. M., precisely, for the purpose of a full, free, and friendly explanation of my affairs.

ALCIBIADES.

Athens, Hec. 9.

11 *Agamemnon Avenue.*

NOTICE.

I shall be compelled to postpone, indefinitely, the above proposed meeting, being peremptorily ordered by my physicians, *to avoid all crowds*, in the present delicate state of my health.

Hec. 16. t.f.

ALCIBIADES.

There was a grand rally of the friends of Protection, at the Pnyx, yesterday. A full report of their proceedings will appear in our next. We will merely remark, at present, that Astyanax's speech on the occasion, was a masterly performance. He went over the whole ground, in a style alike rapid, clear, and comprehensive; demonstrating, as we think, alike by facts and arguments, the indispensableness of the present tariff to the prosperity of Attica. He painted, in glowing colors, the folly and madness of wantonly exposing the well-fed, well paid, intelligent, hopeful labor of Greece, to a ruinous competition with the pauper labor of Persia and Phoenicia. His statistics in regard to the silk and woollen manufactures were startling; and, moreover, an overwhelming answer to the theories of the Free-trade visionaries.

But our readers well know our sentiments on this

subject. We are, and ever have been, the unwavering champions of the Protective Policy ; the good old Athenian policy ; the policy of Solon, and of all truly wise lawgivers. We go for the dignity and the rights of labor, and for its indefinite multiplication. The greater variety of employments there is, in a commonwealth, the better for it ; the more compact, united, and prosperous will its people become. We hail every new branch of honest industry, as a boon to the race ; as a new channel, in which human wits and energies are to be developed ; as a new diversion of men's minds from indolence, and its horrible concomitants of vice, crime, and bloodshed.

(‘The sentence that follows,’ remarked Mystifico, ‘I found wholly untranslatable, after long and painfully puzzling over it. There are evident allusions in it, to the Home Market, and to the superiority of specific over *ad valorem* duties. But I could not, for the life of me, put it into wholesome English.’)

It seems that the *Marathon Knockers* have turned up again. We have a long letter from our correspondent, on the subject. He is evidently a believer in them. Indeed, he writes us, that he has thumped up a number of spiritual acquaintances during the last ten days. His first call was from Sanconiatho,

with whom he had quite a copious and refreshing dish of chat. He found S. a trifle mystical and transcendental, at times, but he was on the whole, vastly edified. S. spoke a pure and terse Greek, and unfolded some of his very peculiar theological views, at considerable length. The interview terminated by our correspondent's asking Sanconiatho if he would take something, before going; whereat his ghostship retired very precipitately, and in evident disgust, to the great disturbance of his host, who was, of course, quite unaware of the teetotalistic tendencies of his illustrious visitor.

The writer then knocked for Achilles, but, (owing to some misapprehension, no doubt,) Thersites came instead. He was, as usual, very witty, very abusive, and very smutty; indeed, it would be out of the question, he adds, to put to parchment the substance of his remarks.

Then came the spirit of Pindar, and poured forth a magnificent, heart-thrilling ode, and departed post-haste, without giving our correspondent time to secure a copy, or even to return thanks.

Miltiades next appeared, armed cap-a-pie, and looking sad and severe, as in life. He was persuaded to give a full and circumstantial account of the all-glorious battle. As his version differs materially, in some important points, from that of Herodotus, our

correspondent feels it his duty to lay it before the public, at an early day.

But we cannot follow our friend through his long spiritual visiting list. It is painfully evident that this delusion has taken a strong hold on him.— Strange, too, that a man of his usually clear head, and fine critical acumen, should have been humbugged thus. Can we wonder that quacks and impostors are as thick as hops about us, when men of ——'s intelligence, fall so easily into their clutches? And yet, who among us is there, that hath *not* his weak point, on this subject? Who doth not cherish some pet delusion, entertain some darling superstition? Perhaps it is as well for us. Life would hardly be worth having, were we to be eternally confronted with the naked truth. If our friend takes any comfort, then, in his ghostly acquaintances, for Jove's sake, don't disturb him. Let him make the most of them. The more, the merrier. We quarrel not with his weakness; but we *do* quarrel, most emphatically, with the scamps who go about, concocting such miserable humbugs, and plundering people of their money, at their absurd exhibitions, instead of earning their living in a reputable way. We should like to see them all in the galleys, before sundown.

We perceive, by the Argos Beacon, that the Socialistic Experiment in that neighborhood, has come to an untimely end. The *Philodemic Phalanx* we think it was called. The Association, though not deficient in numbers or in capital, it seems, worked badly from the start. The organization of the groups, beautiful as it appeared on parchment, and in diagram, was quite another sort of thing on the field of action.— Thus, while the eating, drinking, talking, and love-making groups were invariably well filled and fully employed, hardly a mother's son was at his post when the hour for hog-killing, or wood-chopping, came round; while the women had literally to be torn away, by main force, from their lyres and tambours, in order to carry out the programme of the day, in the dusting and bed-making departments.— After struggling along in this way, for a very few weeks, the whole affair, of course, exploded most disgracefully; terminating, in a word, as all its illustrious predecessors have terminated before it, in debauchery and insolvency.

The simpletons, what right had they to expect any other result? When will they learn to base their schemes upon human nature as Jove made it, and not upon their own wild dreams of what it ought to be? But we have dwelt so much on this topic of late, that our readers must be heartily tired of it.

There was a dense jam at the Lenæum yesterday, on occasion of the first representation of Aristophanes's *Frogs*. All the notabilities of the town were present, including Socrates, who evidently relished the performance amazingly. The piece was, indeed, a brilliant success. Such a triumph was hardly, if ever before, witnessed upon the Athenian stage. Such sparkling wit, such pungent sarcasm, such inimitable parodies! The most ardent admirer of Euripides must confess that he is taken off most felicitously. It seems a little cruel, perhaps, to handle him thus roughly, when the poor bard is hardly cold in his grave;* but, after all, there is little or no malice in the satire. Under all the fun and coarseness, are clearly visible the true critic, the profound artist, the honest man. But the reception given it by the brilliant and fastidious audience present, is the best comment upon its merits. We sometimes wish Aristophanes would give us a tragedy. We have no doubt it would be a grand one. If boundless invention, an exquisite ear for music, and a thorough mastery of all the resources of our language, combined with a profound knowledge of hu-

* A more literal translation of the above passage would have been, 'when the poor bard's ashes are hardly settled in their urn.' *Mystifico* evidently takes great liberties, at times, with the original.

man nature, are qualifications sufficient, what man among us hath more of them? But perhaps he is doing the State more service, in his present capacity. The Gods know, we need the lash of the satirist, in these restless, saucy, aggressive times of ours. Arrogance and ill breeding are quite too abundant in this rampant democracy, and if the comic muse can scare a little modesty and veneration into us, why all the better. But, not to moralize over the matter, the piece in question was a most unqualified hit. We welcome it as a valuable accession to the repertory of the Lenæum, and predict for it a glorious run, throughout Greece. The performance, we need not add, was admirable throughout.

Consumption can be Cured.

‘The advertisement under the above caption,’ said Mystifico, ‘though somewhat marred by the tooth of time, is in the main, intelligible. I have not thought it worth while, however, to translate it. Suffice it to say, that it has all the characteristics of similar advertisements, in our own day; the same *prononcé* style, the same long words, the same magnificent promises, the same unqualified condemnation of all

previous remedies, the same general flourish of drums and trumpets. The only noticeable point is this :— the particular remedy here offered to the antique world, as *the* boon to the race, is neither more nor less than *Cod Liver Oil* ; the very medicine, that some of the quacks of the present day, are trying to put off upon society, as a bran-new invention of their own. The scamps ! when here we have the best of evidence of an attempt to humbug the good people of Athens with it, in the eighty-seventh Olympiad ! Well, it is only one more evidence of the ingrained rascality of the race ; one more confirmation of the truth of the saying of the Hebrew sage and king. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be ; and that which is done, is that which shall be done : and there is no new thing under the sun.')

To-morrow evening, Minerva willing, a discourse will be delivered in the eastern portico of the temple of Theseus, by the very revered, the hierophant Eubulus, at two hours before sunset precisely.

Subject, *The Ninth Labor of Hercules.*

The sale of the collection of coins, medals, letters, and autographs of Archippus deceased, came

off yesterday. There was a great rush for the autographs. Among others, we notice the following transactions :

	Tal.	Min.	Drach.
A well authenticated Ogyges,.....	1	25	
A somewhat doubtful Moses,.....		55	
Three Deucalions, at 20 minæ each,.....	1		
Sisyphus,.....		45	50
Hercules,.....	1		
Theseus, ...		55	
Hesiod,.....	1	30	
Homer,.....	4		
Romulus,.....	1	50	
The seven Wise Men, at 4 minæ each,.....		28	
An unquestionable Cadmus, with alphabeti- cal specimens,.....			5

Three or four stray leaves of a cash-book, generally supposed to have been kept by Remus, realized the round sum of three talents. A fragment of a letter from Æsop to an importunate creditor, brought nearly a talent. A promissory note, drawn by Anacreon, jun., and having the endorsement of the elder Anacreon, was knocked down at fifty minæ, being just one-third of the amount for which it was given, and ten-fold, probably, what it would have brought, in its own day and generation. There were other objects of interest in this curious old col-

lection, but we have no space to devote to them, to-day.

The subscriber will be happy to see his friends and customers, at his old stand, the Pig and Dolphin, 17 Solon Buildings, second door below the Fountain of Silenus. He has just laid in a well-selected stock of native and foreign Wines. Free-and-Easies every fifth evening. To-morrow, a grand main of quails will be fought, one hour after sunset ; after which, a tip-top Poultry Raffle. Entrance, two drachmas. Come and see for yourselves.

MEGASTHENES.

The first, and in all probability the last, Womans' Rights Meeting ever held in Athens, took place day before yesterday ; the Archons having (as we think, and thought at the time,) most injudiciously tendered them the use of the Athenæum for that purpose. The amphitheatre was filled to overflowing at an early hour. The meeting was duly organized by calling Theodolinda, of the ward Alimus, and better half of Sosibius to the chair, with a score of Vice-Presidents, and half a dozen Secretaries. Theodolinda said she would not detain the meeting with any remarks of her own. The resolutions about to be

read would sufficiently explain why the women were there assembled, and what they wanted.

Secretary Euterpe then read the following Resolutions :

Resolved, that the civil, political, social, literary, and financial condition of the women of Attica is alike abominable, intolerable, and diabolical.

Resolved, that we are heartily tired of being locked up in Gynecæums all day, scolding slaves, suckling brats, and listening to the smallest kind of small talk, while our worser halves are out and about, voting, frolicing, drinking, and driving fast nags on every avenue of the metropolis.

Resolved, that our general education is most cruelly and shamefully neglected.

Resolved, that we have quite as good a right to a will, way, and property, of our own, as the men ; and that we must and *will* have them.

Resolved, that our utter and entire exclusion from the polls, courts, theatres, circuses, restaurants, libraries and reading-rooms of the city, admits neither of explanation nor excuse ; besides being detrimental to Athenian morals.

Resolved, that the Gods have been quite as liberal in their gifts to us, as to the so-called Lords of Creation, if we only had a fair chance of displaying them.

Resolved, that with proper training, we should soon show ourselves to be as competent to compile eodes, make treaties, go on foreign missions, navigate fleets, and conduct armies to victory, as the proudest grasshopper-wearer of them all.

Resolved, that nine-tenths of the dicing, drinking, quail-fighting, profanity, and general debauchery that disgrace the metropolis, are fairly traceable to the absurd neglect and incarceration of our injured sex.

Resolved, that every true mother and daughter of Attica is bound by her faith in the Gods, her trust in Minerva, and her duty to her country, to do all that in her lies, to bring about a prompt and thorough reform in all these things.

Resolved, that a committee be appointed to prepare a plan of action for the great campaign before us.

Anaxibia of Megara, wife of Melampus the Homæopathist, took the floor on the first resolution.

(‘But here, alas for Posterity,’ remarked Mystifico, ‘is a frightful hiatus, time having most unfeelingly devoured the remainder of the proceedings of this meeting, all but one little fragment, which records the manner of its breaking up, videlicet :)

Here the row became terrific. Such a chattering and screaming was never before heard in Athens.

Oaths and benedictions were hurled in all directions; peplums were stripped off of backs, veils torn to tatters, eyes blacked, noses set running; while a perfect shower of sandals darkened the air. At the height of the uproar, the chief of the Archons, who had been sent for, luckily made his appearance, accompanied by the Chief of Police, and a large posse duly armed with pikes and staves. His honor immediately proceeded to read the Riot Act; after which, a few of the more desperate of the termagants having been captured, the crowd dispersed, and peace was restored. The lesson, we trust, will not be thrown away upon the authorities.

‘There are other items in this precious torso of a paper,’ said M., ‘but I am not Grecian enough to translate them. The MS. itself is at my lodgings, where I shall be most happy to show it to any member of the Society.’

Quizzico then favored us with the following lines, which he said he considered a fair specimen of his great forthcoming Epic, in twelve Books, entitled, ‘*The Course of Nature.*’ The poem, he added,

was the fruit of many years' severe labor, and was avowedly, in the Wordsworthian school :

" He pulled again, and out the grinder came.
It was the second molar, on the left hand side,
And in the nether jaw; the sole survivor
Of a set of sorry snags, that all his life
Had been a burden and a torment to him;
Brittle, unserviceable, worthless bones!
And he was glad, the Wanderer was glad
To find his jaws were rid of them, at last.
So, taking up this 'Last of the Mohegans,'
Between his finger and his thumb, he held it
Against the ever-blessed sunlight, while
His conflicting thoughts thus queerly, he expressed.
'The jig is up, the tale is told, and thou,
Poor, paltry stump, art off, to join thy comrades;
And vacant now, as infants', are my gums.
Thank God for the deliverance! And yet
I do confess, I feel a pang at parting;
For though thou wert a shabby specimen
Of a most shabby crew, still, what on earth so vile
Is there, but, in its final leave-taking,
Appeals with power unto the feeling heart!
What habit so atrocious, hat so shocking,
Wen so disfiguring, pimple so repulsive,
But hath some charm about it, when 'tis gone!
E'en *sorriest* husband for a while is missed,
As is the tongue of the most brawling wife.
Sweet is the memory, oft, of bitter things;
And pleasant is the tale of perils past.
Oh, mighty is the influence of *last* things;

Summer's last rose, last red leaf of the forest,
Minstrel's last lay, last red cent of the pauper,
Last night of Jenny Lind, last day of term at Sing Sing,
Last ounce that breaketh back of patient camel,
Last dying speech of pendent, penitent scoundrel ;
And oh, what heart can e'er forget, that witnessed,
That sad, *last dinner*, of that old, '*last man*,'
Good Gcoffrey Dale ? And surely 'tis not strange, then,
Nor ill becomes a thoughtful, loving nature,
That I do cast one farewell glance at *thee*,
Last snag, the oldest tenant of these jaws,
Ere I thus throw thee to the dogs, forever !'
He paused, while in his pensive looks was writ
The tender melancholy of his thoughts ;
When suddenly Rudolpho entered," etc., etc.

The impression produced upon us all, by these and some hundred lines more of the same sort, was truly profound. There was an evident and universal feeling, that if this brick fairly represented the fabric to which it belonged, the community would soon behold one of the most superb poetical piles ever reared ; and one that might fitly crown the stateliest summit of Parnassus !

The Society then, after a few appropriate remarks from the President, adjourned to supper ; after which the members all knocked glasses together for the last time, till the next autumnal gathering.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EPISTLES
OF
WHIMSICULO THE ELDER.

I HAVE lately been looking over some of the voluminous correspondence of my lamented kinsman. It is a queer one. Not only his own letters, but a great many of those received by him, have, unquestionably, a marked and emphatic character. By no means uniformly correct in style or sentiment, or models of calligraphy, there are, nevertheless, passages in them which, as it seems to me, may fairly lay claim to the substantial qualities of heartiness and honesty. That they are abundantly whimsical and fanciful, any one who knew the writer or his associates at all, will take for granted. At any rate,

I have ventured to lay before the world, numerous extracts from the epistles of the dear departed, with occasional ones from those of his more intimate friends, accompanied by such brief remarks as have been necessary for the purpose of clarification. I will only add, that the incidents referred to, in them, being insignificant in themselves, and only interesting quite as vehicles of sentiment, I have not attempted to preserve anything like chronological order.

The first is addressed to myself :

“MY DEAR BOY :

I write you these lines, in my shirt-sleeves. Your ever dear and excellent mother entered a few moments since, and stripped from off my back, that glorious old summer searsucker coat of mine, which I have worn uniformly during the dog-days of the last five and thirty years of my pilgrimage, and to which, as you well know, I was most warmly and tenderly attached. That same searsucker which you yourself had the impertinence, during the height of the Millerite excitement, to call my Ascension-garment ; that same venerable searsucker, in the pocket of which, I once found that huge rat, the frightful, slimy, cold feel of which, as you remember, made me faint dead away with horror ; that dear old garment, in which I wrote the best part of my famous

Thoughts on the Vowel-points ; that comfortable coat, in which I have enjoyed, (while embellishing,) so many lovely landscapes, and delicious sunsets ; that identical garment which I insisted on wearing, when my last exquisite daguerreotype was taken ; in every seam and button-hole of which, some touching reminiscence, or tender association lurked ; that very coat, did your mother, in the most unfeeling and summary manner, literally tear from off my back, declaring, as she ripped it to tatters, that she could put up with it no longer ; that she was determined that I should not wear that odious, infamous, outlandish, heathenish, diabolical, antediluvian old garment, another hour ! The nasty, high-waisted, long-skirted, ragged, filthy humbug ; (so she called it ;) the talk of the neighborhood ; a disgrace to the community ; unfit for the shoulders of a cannibal—to think that I should have no more regard for her feelings, or my own appearance, than to take the air in such an infamous piece of tailor's work as that ! And on the Sabbath, too ! To insult my maker in this horrible manner, by undertaking to sing his praises, in such a beastly costume ! I ought to be ashamed of myself. She was determined to put up with no more such absurd eccentricities, but would forthwith seek other board and lodging, unless I dressed like other folks. She said that she was heartily tired of

having all the boys and dogs in town, at our heels, whenever she ventured to take a walk with me ; and finally reached the peroration of her discourse, as usual, in the midst of a copious flood of tears. She then departed, slamming the door after her with frightful violence.

Such, my dear Benjamin, are the circumstances under which I write. The poor coat is lying on the floor near me, a pitiful mass of shreds, while I have hardly yet recovered from my amazement. To think that your mother should have given way to her feelings thus ! That she should have pounced, with such tiger-like ferocity, upon a poor, inoffensive, venerable garment ! Alas, for human nature, when even the gentle sex can get up such terrible exhibitions, unprovoked ! And yet, I dare say, the dear woman meant all for the best. You know, she was ever impulsive. Perhaps the old searsucker *was* all that she said. Your sister Clarissa, who witnessed a part of the transaction, (and I am ashamed to say, laughed heartily at it,) fully endorses and justifies her mother's conduct.

Well, well, it's past praying for, now. I must try to keep my temper. Had it been any *other* garment, I wouldn't have minded it so much ; but as I said before, there was such a fund of recollections and anecdotes, clustering round that old friend and com-

panion ! Why, Benjamin, that was the very coat that dear Waggles admired so much, and which he once told me, in his solemn, earnest way, he had no doubt was a perfect fac-simile of the first effort, in that line, of the first tailor after the fall. That was the coat which no less than four different proprietors of Museums have offered me handsome sums for, so anxious were they to add it to the contents of their respective establishments. That coat it was, which my friend —, the great comic singer, wanted to get possession of so much. I remember his saying to me, 'If I could only go before the foot-lights, twenty consecutive nights, in that beauty, it would be at least a thousand additional dollars in my pocket.' That very coat was it, in which my political friend — took the field, in the great campaign of 1840. How heartily did he thank me, on returning it, saying that it had secured his seat in the Legislature. 'You know,' said he, 'Whimsiculo, old stager that you are, you know that a queer outside, and a good nickname, and taking a glass of grog or two at the right time and place, have far more to do with success, before the sovereigns, than any amount of character or knowledge. And so Old Longtail, here, (so he called the dear garment,) did the business.— If I am ever a candidate for Congress, I shall insist on your letting me mount the stump in it again !'

But above all, Ben, that blessed coat was it, which, by being the great, prominent feature in the costume of a scarecrow, saved the finest corn-field in the County of Westchester, from the clutches of the crows, for three consecutive summers.

Now, *can* you wonder, my son, at the warmth of my attachment to a garment, which had rendered such signal services, social and political? Can you not readily understand and sympathize with my vexation and annoyance, at seeing it thus fall a victim to a fit of caprice and unprovoked anger, instead of being permitted to enjoy an honorable old age, and a peaceful exit? Havn't I a *right* to swear, under the circumstances?

But I will dwell no longer on this painful subject. It is but fair to add, that your mother has just entered the room again, evidently in a much calmer, and withal, somewhat apologetic frame of mind. Still, she insists upon it, that I have no right to be so criminally negligent of the proprieties of life, and of the fashions of the day. Perhaps the dear soul is right. I confess, however, it has always seemed to me a hard and unreasonable arrangement, that just when a man's back has fairly begun to get the hang of a garment, or his head has begun to feel at home, under his hat, or his feet really to enjoy his slippers, then forsooth, fashion and etiquette must always pop

in, and decree a separation. There is a want of heart, of right feeling about it; at least it appears so, to a man of my strong attachments, and conservative tendencies.

I am already at the end of my sheet; and upon the whole, I do not regret having appropriated it, exclusively, to the consideration of a subject, thus connected with the only really important incident of my life, during the past week. God bless you."

The next extract sufficiently explains itself.

"I have just returned, dear Benjamin, from the polls, and from the discharge of my duty as a free-man. Thank Heaven, the job is over, and my fifteen ballots are safely deposited in their respective receptacles. I think it was fifteen. To say truth, and between ourselves, I had *not* a very distinct notion at the time, nor have I now, either of the nature of the offices for which I voted, or of the names of the candidates for whom I indicated my preferences.—Nor am I altogether sure that I actually carried out the intention with which I went, i.e. of voting a clean Whig ticket throughout. There were certainly scoundrels enough around, to mislead the ignorant, and bewilder the nervous voter. While confessing, I may as well add, that I did not perform my lofty function, with any thing like that intelligent convic-

tion, that self-respect, that tranquil dignity, which every true American ought to take with him to the polls. On the contrary, I was decidedly fidgety, and anxious to get out of the scrape as soon as possible. I was truly thankful, moreover, to find myself extricated from the crowd, at last, with entire garments, with as many teeth as I took into it, and an undiminished pocket-book. I do not believe that I should have encountered it at all, but for ——'s original, eloquent, and persuasive discourse, of an hour's length, at the breakfast table this morning, on the importance of a single vote. That great effort, I confess, alarmed my conscience. Well, I have done my duty, and shall, no doubt, relish my dinner all the better for it.

Lineal descendant that I am, from one of the signers of the Declaration, I yet can't help asking myself at times, *Is* man by nature and inclination, a voting, self-governing creature? Is not the whole Democratic system altogether forced and artificial; premature for earth, however practicable among the seraphim? *Is* one vote in one hundred thousand anything like an approach to one's beau-ideal thereof, i. e. a calm, honest, intelligent expression of conviction? Did I, or any of my acquaintances, *ever* throw such a vote; but, on the contrary, have they not been uniformly tainted, more or less, with igno-

rance, corruption, or a most culpable apathy? Do not acrimony and intrigue enter abundantly, even into the elections of religious, scientific, and literary bodies, and must they not *a fortiori* predominate at the polls? Is there any thing in our ideas of heaven, or of hell, in the phenomena of nature, or the instincts of the heart, to justify the notion of universal suffrage?

One thing, dear Benjamin, is very evident to my mind; that candid answers to the above queries, duly authenticated and circulated, would be sure to deprive the candidate who gave them, of the very first ghost of a chance for any office, however humble, in the gift of the people. So keep mum, my dear boy, and don't expose your loving father."

The statements in the following extracts are, in all probability, a trifle embellished by the fancy of the writer:

"I am still showing our Italian friend ——, the lions of the metropolis. We spent an hour, last evening, with the 'Christy's Minstrels.' My companion, whose English, you know, is yet very scanty, was upon the whole pleased, if not edified. Many beauties of the performance were of course thrown away upon him; the narratives and conundrums of Broth-

er Bones, and the very quaint remarks of the tamborinist more especially so. The extraordinary personal activity of this latter performer, however, impressed him deeply ; he intimated to me, that in all his Neapolitan experience, he had never seen that instrument handled with such vigor and effect. The Banjo Solo, which brought down such roars of laughter from all the rest of us, he listened to in bewildered silence. The capital Lind imitations, and the Tyrolean burlesque, he relished, and applauded heartily. He evidently did *not* think much of the tenor of the establishment. The conversion of rib bones of beef into musical instruments, was clearly a new idea to him. He had never seen them, he said, in any of the orchestras of Italy ; and while he could not help admiring the wonderful rapidity and skill of the artist, he thought he was wasting his talent on poor materials. I confess I agree with him. He was prodigiously tickled with the dancing, set off as it was by the costume. I watched him narrowly when the Shakers entered. He was greatly struck, but still more mystified. He looked as much as to say, 'Who *are* these strange beings ? Where do they hail from ? What *are* they saying ? What is the purport of these most extraordinary and eccentric movements ? Something satirical, no doubt ; but of what nature ? Political or

religious, literary or scientific? I fancied that I could read all these questions in his bewildered countenance; and when I explained to him that the performance before us was merely a slightly colored version of the habiliments and devotional exercises of a religious sect in the interior of the State, he expressed his surprise by a most emphatic invocation to the Madonna.

We spent the rest of the evening in listening to the second part of the programme of the concert of that great Laplander, and Wizard of the Bow, Hans Schwindel. Its two prominent features were first, a Capriccio for the Violin, called *Trial and Triumph*, with a long description annexed, in the bills. It represents the struggles, vexations, backings and fillings, objurgations, and final glorious success of a lone student, while grappling with the difficulties of the famous 39th proposition of Euclid. It was, indeed, a chef d'œuvre. Its execution was as creditable to the composer's executive abilities, as its novel and bold theme was well suited to his rare powers of invention. The other was a grand Concerto, in three parts, also of his own composition, and with an equally minute description in the programme. It is entitled *The Moral Lesson*, and undertakes to give us the whole history of the extraction of the first tooth of a small boy. It was wonderfully given.

The attentive listener could readily recognize and trace the preliminary squallings of the youthful sufferer, the mingled promises and threats of the mother, the persuasive, wheedling accents of the operator, the rapid, discordant noises supposed to proceed from a couple of cats fighting in an adjoining yard, the crescendo cries of the child as the fatal moment approached, the resort to physical force, the maternal intervention, the fearful struggle, the prying open of the jaws, the sharp click of the instrument, and the final grand result. It was a rich treat. The audience seemed to be spell-bound. Never have I heard fiddle-bow discourse such eloquent music. There *are* those, I know, who think this class of subjects unsuited to the violin, or to any musical instrument. They would say, that this very theme would have made a far more powerful appeal to our sensibilities, had it been portrayed by the magical pencil of a Cruickshank, than it possibly could, even when interpreted by the bow of a Schwindel. I can't agree with them. I believe true music to be not merely suggestive, but eminently descriptive, in its character. My companion took the same view of the matter. Indeed, I was quite surprised that he should have relished the performance so highly as he did, accustomed as he has always been to the passionate, sensuous style of the Italian composers.

He remarked, however, that he differed therein from the great majority of his countrymen ; having had, from his earliest recollections, a decided hankering after the didactic, moral, metaphysical music of the Scandinavian school."

The following passage occurs in a letter to his friend Nubbins :

"I heard —— preach yesterday. He gave us one of his quaintest, daintiest sermons. Water was his theme ; water, in its manifold physical, moral, and spiritual ministrations unto man. The discourse was, indeed, as limpid, sparkling, beautiful as its subject ; filled with choice expressions, delicate fancies, and musical combinations, to which his melodious though perhaps somewhat monotonous style of delivery, did full justice. How vividly did he bring the element before us, in all its various manifestations ! Now it bubbled up in some lone well in the wilderness, and now it was borne along in costly aqueducts to the heart of mighty cities ; one moment it was singing at fountains, then prattling in brooks ; now we heard it roaring in the cataract, and now chanting its eternal anthem on the sea-shore. We saw it glittering on the rose-bud in the garden, mirroring the fair landscape in the placid lake ; now

broken into numberless diamonds, in some lone waterfall, deep hidden in the woods; now tossed and dashed about in the wrathful, desolate ocean. And so he followed it, in his usual graphic and fanciful style, through all its infinite phases and uses; concluding with a peroration as grand, harmonious, and solemn (I had almost said) as Niagara itself.

Well, it certainly *was* a rare treat; a delicious strain of music; and we were all right sorry to get to the end of it. And yet, I couldn't help asking myself, after it was all over, is this the right kind of preaching for us poor sinners to sit under? Is it calculated to make us any wiser or better, to stir up our consciences, to arouse our indolence, to scare out of us our apathy and sensuality? Is it the sincere milk of the word? Say rather, some dainty cordial; rich and fragrant, I grant you; full of strength and perfume; served up, too, in most comely jars, with prettily devised seals, and inviting labels. But is it the right sort of article for the pulpit? Is that the place to amuse critics in, and minister unto literary epicures, or to alarm and win over guilty souls? It would never have done for John the Baptist to have preached in this style. Where would the seven churches have been, had Paul adopted it, or the earnest and impulsive Peter? What hath it in common with the hard toils, hard fare,

hard benches, with the trials, and perils, and soul-searching experiences of the primitive Christians? Such delicate strains as these are far more in keeping with some gay chapel, rich in costly columns and beautiful entablatures, its walls lined with arabesques, its ceilings thronged with the angels of Raphael or Guido; where incense, and music, and tessellated pavements, and rich columns, take captive the senses. Such elaborately dressed thoughts, such studiously felicitous expressions might have fallen from Cicero, as he discoursed to his pupils, in the stately gardens of his Tusculan villa; or Plato might have given them breath, while musing in the visionary bowers of his Atlantis; but you will not find them in the earnest, fervent, blessed Sermon on the Mount, or in the heart-stirring Epistles to the Corinthians.

This you may think an ungracious criticism, and an ungrateful return for the pleasure I confess to have received. Perhaps it is; but what would you have said to the comments of W. on this same discourse? He *did* express himself most unreasonably. He wished to Heaven he could be allowed an occasional taste of the plain fare of the Gospel; he was quite tired of these dainty tit-bits; sick of swallowing this spiritual confectionery. Plain talk, and plain imagery, such as the Apostles listened to, were

good enough for him. He didn't believe in such painfully splendid and elaborate specimens of Mosaic. There was a want of heart about them. He wouldn't exchange the simplest parable of Christ, for all the finery of this kind, that had been embroidered, since the first ordination. He even went so far as to say, that though this was professedly a discourse on water, he saw precious little of the water of life flowing through it. He made other remarks, as he warmed up, even more extravagant and outrageous; but I shall not repeat them, for, though I do not believe he meant to be profane, he certainly *did* express himself in a style altogether more picturesque than proper."

In a letter to Waggles, the following passage occurs :

"I write you, ever dear Waggles, in a frightful frame of mind. Nothing seems to have gone right with me, for some days past. It has been one constant series of paltry annoyances and provocations, all the time. I know you will forgive me, while I recapitulate a few of them. In the first place, then, on Sunday last, my nose insisted on bleeding in church, in the most furious and unseasonable manner, while I was helping take up a collection for the color-

ed orphans of our ward. I of course had to surrender the plate instantly, and leave the building, to my own great vexation, and amidst the ill-suppressed tittering of no small portion of the congregation.— And to crown all, Waggles, I have since actually been accused by some of the more distant pewholders of having acted in bad faith on the occasion, i.e. of having shammed the aforesaid bleeding, in order to dodge my portion of the collection. It only shows what a sneering, wicked world we live in!

In the second place, I was compelled to dance attendance at court, pretty much all Monday and Tuesday, as a witness in some two-penny law-suit, wherein the character of a quondam confidential servant of mine was somewhat involved. I was fool enough to be interested in the fellow, or I would have never submitted to such a nuisance. And after all, what did my testimony amount to? for though a very respectable specimen of humanity, when I knew him, I have been painfully convinced, by this very trial, that there has been a frightful revolution in his moral nature since.

My third annoyance was still more provoking.— On Wednesday last, while in the midst of a voyage to Brooklyn, my hat blew off, and was irretrievably lost, with all its contents. Of course, I had to go home in a hack, with my noddle bound up in a nap-

kin. The by-standers behaved as usual upon these occasions. There were jesuitical expressions of sympathy from a few, but the great majority of them, especially the boys, could not conceal their delight. It was, I hardly need add, a new hat. I have moreover, got a horrible cold in the head, in consequence.

The same old story, on Thursday. I lost the better part of the day, waiting on the wharf for a non-appearing steamboat. After a pleasant delay of six hours, the vessel finally hove in sight; but the venerable female relative expected in her, was not to be found, after a most thorough search by myself, and a couple of truly disinterested hackmen. On going home, I found that my kinswoman had arrived by railroad, having left her luggage somewhere on the road. Her greeting was *not* cordial, and she evidently did not believe my statements about the boat. Mrs. W. was also incredulous, and moreover, out of humor. We had a wretched, tumultuous evening of it.

The same miserable experiences, yesterday. Added to which, certain promissory notes were unfeeling enough to fall due on that day, the ungentlemanly holders of which would not listen to reason. Yes, Waggles, the mercenary varlets insisted on bursting into my studio for an explanation. Not satisfied with interrupting my theological researches, they

gave way to angry passions, and sprinkled me very freely with the usual threats and epithets. In stating these facts, I feel sure, my dear friend, of your sympathies. You yourself know what it is to be pestered in this way. You know full well the horrors of embarrassment ; know how few charms life has, how few beauties Nature has, for the wretch who is thus tormented, thus visited by the ever-present and overwhelming sense of pecuniary liabilities !

This brings my sad narrative up to this morning. I began it, by giving myself a terrible gash with my razor. I then spent a pleasant half hour, and nearly ruptured a blood-vessel, in attempting to shut the drawer of a newly-varnished bureau. At breakfast, I disgraced myself, by sitting down upon, and nearly annihilating a pet lap-dog of the lady visitor, before referred to. Oh, what a shower of compliments I received ; right before the servants, too. Shortly after this, my evil genius prompted me to spill the contents of a bottle of indelible ink upon Mrs. W's. dress.— This led to a strain of oratory, of the most impassioned kind. What I shall do next, Heaven only knows. To crown my felicity, my stomach shows symptoms of a rebellious spirit. I fear that there is a regular course of dyspepsia before it. Blessed disorder, that never fails to bring out all the latent virtues and amiable weaknesses of the sufferer !

It has been some little comfort to me, my dear W., to make this brief and unvarnished statement. Do, for Heaven's sake, come and dine with me to-day, and console me, if you can, in this unhappy state of things."

Another letter to the same friend, written shortly after, breathes pretty much the same spirit. In it, he says :

"Just such another tempestuous, terrible week of it ! I'm completely off the track, in every way.—What a temper I have been in, too ! That blessed luminary, the sun, has gone down on my wrath, every night of the last seven. What *can* my guardian angel be about ? He must have been off duty, for a great while. And yet, if *on* duty, how terribly disgusted he must have been at my course ! Oh dear ! I sometimes wish, Waggles, that I was fairly out of the scrape ; snugly under cover, with the buttercups waving over me. I have thought seriously of late, and more than once, of quietly taking passage in a Western steamboat ; bound, nominally, of course, for New Orleans, but with every reasonable expectation of going a much longer journey. What with fires, collisions, veto-protected snags, and liberty-loving boilers, I know no more certain mode of encountering destruction, without positively incurring the odium of suicide. I am not joking, my friend. I am terri-

bly in earnest. If my health and spirits don't mend soon, I shall secure a berth, without fail. Meanwhile, come and comfort your unhappy friend.

P. S. It is evening. A lovely one. Venus is shining sweetly. What a blessed star, and ornament to the system, she is! And yet, who can tell, in this deceptive Universe of ours, who can tell, what abominable things may be going on in her, this very moment? What frightful crimes, what sad disasters may she not be witnessing? She, doubtless, has her full share of troubles. Who knows but her whole Western hemisphere may be intervening, this very minute, most unjustifiably and outrageously, in the affairs of the Eastern, and the whole planet be in hot water, in consequence? Perhaps there may be a frightful surplus of *cold* water there, in the shape of a deluge. No doubt, *we* look quite as lovely, in the eyes of *her* inhabitants. No doubt there are plenty of querulous, discontented fools, there, (like myself,) who would like to change places with us. Well, well. Sufficient unto the orb is the evil thereof. These are unprofitable and heathenish thoughts, you will say. I own it. You must lay them to the dyspepsia, and forgive the nervous, wretched sinner, who scribbles them. Adieu.

P. S. No. 2. I rise from my sitz-bath, to inform you that ——— has consented to cash those three

notes of which we were speaking yesterday, provided I can secure your indorsement. I simply mention the fact, my dear friend, without daring to say more. You will, of course, do what your own generous, noble nature may dictate in the matter. Heaven bless you."

In a recent letter to his friend Wiggins, I find the following curious statement:

"I met your hopeful son in the street, this morning. Remarking that he wore an unusually thoughtful look, I ventured to inquire into the occasion thereof. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll tell you. I have just been serving a copy of a declaration upon an unprincipled scoundrel, in the neighborhood here. I did not find him at his lodgings, however, but at a Gymnasium, hard by. When I entered, I found my man mounted on a pair of colossal stilts, at least fifteen feet above the surface, and stumping about the establishment, in the most free and easy style. I sat down quietly, supposing that he would soon descend to the ordinary level. Not *he*. Whether or no, he had misgivings as to the nature of my mission, I cannot say. I soon got out of patience, however, and holding up the document in question, very briefly explained the object of my visit. His reply was of the

most offensive and insulting character. I rejoined instantly with a benediction, and throwing the paper at the feet of the stilts aforesaid, withdrew. Since leaving the building, my mind has been a good deal annoyed by the doubt, whether, under the circumstances, the service of said paper on said scoundrel, was a good and sufficient one, in the eye of the law. Had he been amusing himself in this way, at his own residence, there could be no question about it. As it is, I confess, I am bewildered. Can you shed any light upon the subject? Have you ever heard of any such case in the books? I replied, that I had not; that his inquiry reminded me, however, of a recent Vermont decision, wherein the service of a similar document upon a patient in a Hydropathic establishment, was not recognized by the Court as sufficient; the patient having been, at the time, duly packed and locked in a wet sheet, while the tip of his nose was the only part of him visible. The question in that case, however, turned upon the identity of the victim, and not, as in this, upon the geographical bearings of the parties. 'Well,' said he, 'I think I must try him again, on terra firma, and not take the risk of a non-suit. By the way, while I think of it, I should like to have your views on another point. Do you think a deputy, while executing a f.i.fa., has any right to lay his hands on a set of false teeth,

that have inadvertently been left lying on his table, by the insolvent wearer thereof? The statute, you are aware, is silent upon the point. How ought a Court to decide in such a case?

Before I could make up my mouth for a reply, your son disappeared. A bright boy, that, Wiggins. He'll make a noise in the community, yet."

In another letter to Wiggins, he thus laments the absence of his old friends, the swine, from their customary haunts in the great metropolis :

"To be honest, I *do* miss these old street-walkers, hugely, at times. I feel that their departure has deprived me of a fund of cheap amusement and instruction. There was one old sow in particular, a resident, *ordinarily*, of the 18th Ward, in whose career I took a great interest. A glorious old specimen she was; the mother of a hundred pigs, the heroine of a hundred fights. I never looked at her, without thinking of Palo Alto and Monterey. Ear-less, tail-less, mutilated as she was, she yet seemed to have a uniform flow of spirits, and an invincible appetite. With a sovereign contempt for small dogs, she was more than a match for any three large ones, and would eat and fight at the same time, with unexampled tenacity. When once fairly absorbed in

her pea-pods, she would not condescend to stir, for dray or omnibus ; and if knocked down and run over, she would quietly pick herself up again, and resume her meal, with unabated relish. Glorious creature, how often have I wished for her daguerreotype !— How often have I regretted this prosaic nature of mine, that would not permit me to embalm her in a sonnet, for future ages ! She had a fine, intelligent face. How *could* it be otherwise, living in the 19th century, and having the freedom of such an enterprising and well-governed city ? Poor thing, she lived to see the first instalment of the Perrine Pavement put down, and was then taken possession of by the agents of the Corporation.

By the way, Wiggins, do you remember, (but of course you do), that drove of hogs that rushed into Stewart's marble palace, with such impetuosity, about the hour of noon, some few summers since ? What a spectacle ! What a rapid disappearance of clerks, and frightful screaming and scampering of females there was ! 'Twas indeed a scene for an historical painter to study, and for a philosopher to meditate upon. How fortunate, too, that the Chambers street entrances were unobstructed. Else, heaven only knows how the invasion would have ended !

While on the subject of quadrupeds, allow me to ask you, my dear friend, have you been to see the

animals at the Astor? If not, go, go, go, before another sun rises. They are pre-eminently great. There has been no such corps on those boards. I saw them last evening, in the two last acts of the School for Scandal. I was charmed. I have never seen the screen scene given with half the effect, before. Charles Kemble's Charles Surface is not to be named in the same century with the version of the monkey of last night. The goat who did Sir Peter, too, was prodigiously clever, as was the bitch, the Lady Teazle of the evening. Her toilette would have done honor to a Truffi, or a Thillon. There was but one drawback. The puppy who personated Joseph, was evidently under the influence of artificial stimulus. It quite ruined his performance. From his appearance, I should doubt whether he had been sober since New Year's. The management ought to dismiss him instantly, even if they have to get a human being in the part. Again I say, my dear fellow, don't fail to go. It is your solemn duty, indeed, to do so, as a consistent friend to progress, and champion of the great educational movement of the day."

The above eulogized sow is again feelingly alluded to, in the following extract from an epistle to myself:

“Your dear old friend, and quondam *protégé* of the corporation, has fallen at last into the hands of the Philistines. I confess, for myself, I most sincerely deplore her incarceration. It was *not* a handsome thing. There was a want of courtesy, if not of good faith, in thus depriving her of her liberty, without the slightest ceremony or previous notice. I regret the whole transaction. Had I had a seat in either Board, I should have insisted on her exemption from the operation of the ordinance. I have known that sow, now, for years. I remember distinctly, when she first commenced her useful and ornamental career, in our ward. She was then in all the bloom and beauty of early porkhood. She had just contracted an alliance with the learned pig, and the marriage was to have been consummated on his return from his instructive and profitable tour through the States. Cruel fate willed it otherwise. He fell, by treachery, in a city of the West, and she was thereby flung out of an eligible match, and a trip to the old world, with the hog of her choice. I have not taken a walk, from that day to this, without seeing her. I have seen her under all circumstances, and in all attitudes; in shine, in shower; under clouds of dust, and in furious snow-storms; now bravely keeping off insolent and aggressive dogs, now lustily contending with those of her own

sex, for the first taste of the contributions of newly emptied swill pails ; at one time knocked down by fast horses or fire engines, at another tripping up, in her turn, some aged or infirm resident. I have seen her entangled in military processions, and more than once obstructing the progress of a funeral. Never shall I forget her once laying by the heels a somewhat corpulent bearer of a banner, in the great political demonstration of 1844. Its motto was the famous words, *One Country, one Constitution, one Destiny*. I think I hear now, the hearty cheers with which he was greeted, as he slowly picked himself up again. With all these varied experiences, she preserved the same unvarying serenity ; the same jolly figure, and pleasant face, to the last. The same catholic tastes, too. She seemed to relish a mess of squeezed lemons quite as much as the choicest potato-parings. How she enjoyed New Year's day ! She kept very shy and quiet, though, on the 4th of July..

Do you wonder, my dear boy, that I miss her ? That I feel as if some old acquaintance was taken away, some dear old tree cut down ? Many, I know, will call me a fool and a coxcomb for going on thus about a filthy swine ; but with one of your affectionate nature, and enlarged sympathies, I feel myself safe in giving way thus to my feelings.

Sentiment apart, Benjamin, and looking at the matter for one half second, as artists, is a metropolis complete without its hogs? I think not. Indeed, I have more than once regretted their absence from the thoroughfares of the otherwise superb cities of the old world. I have had a painful sense of something wanting, some deficiency in the picture, even while wandering in Regent street; even in the choicest portions of the fascinating Boulevards.

Wiggins, who has just entered, takes, of course, precisely opposite ground. He evidently hates the animal, both in the mass, and in detail. While not objecting to their going in droves, in the primeval forest, or open prairie, he is for condemning them to a most rigid and monastic seclusion, in all civilized communities. He wound up his savage remarks by saying, that though a drove of hogs might look appropriate enough in the Roman Forum, as we now behold it, he did not believe the City Regulations would have tolerated them within bow-shot of its stately porticos, in the days of Augustus."

The epistle that follows, is by way of acknowledgment of the receipt of a bouquet, from a favorite niece :

"How can I sufficiently thank you, my dear young kinswoman, for your charming present? It is in-

deed most lovely and fragrant ; a great deal too good for an old fellow like me. George Washington, now, or Zachary Taylor, might have put in a fair claim to such a treat ; such a delicious accompaniment to their laurels : but what right has such an obscure, insignificant sinner as myself, to these indulgences ? Bless you, my dear girl, for your kind remembrance.

To tell the honest truth, I was as cross as a bear, before your sweet representatives hove in sight ; but now, as I gaze and smell, and smell and gaze upon them, and then think of the fair garden from which they were culled, and of the fair hands that gathered them, and of the errand of love on which they have come, I feel that I am rapidly recovering my serenity and amiability. Ah, if our bad passions were *always* rebuked in this pretty, pointed way, how much fewer of them there would be in the world !

As usual, dear Susan, all sorts of whimsical fancies have come into your queer old uncle's head, while holding your gift, admiringly, before him. And first, I supposed it to be suddenly dropped in the midst of a family party of hyperborean and seal-devouring Laplanders. They did *not* appreciate it, nor were grateful for it. A single, short, stupid grunt, followed by a prompt return to their victuals, was their only recognition of its beauty and fragrance. I then

transferred it, (not irreverently, but in a spirit of kindness,) for one brief moment, to the nose of poor Dives, suffering torments : but, alas, my motives were misinterpreted, and he bade me, with a fierce oath, begone. And then, methought, I offered your sweet flowers to a passing angel, who alike graciously and gracefully alighted to receive them. He presently returned them, however, saying with a smile, ‘Pretty things ; but oh, if you were to see those that grow in the blessed land *I* live in !’—And off he flew. I then beheld them in the cell of a poor condemned felon, and it seemed as if their overpowering loveliness went to his very heart. Yes, even he, hardened, desperate, prayer-proof, scripture-proof sinner that he was, could not resist their touching appeal, and he shed bitter, scalding, remorseful tears over them, as he thought that one kind soul still remembered him, in his last sad hours of ignominy and despair. And then, methought, I went by night, and stealthily put them upon the table by the tent of poor old Robinson Crusoe ; and I watched him, as I lay *perdu*, when his eyes first lighted upon them, in the morning. Poor fellow, how he *did* behave, to be sure ! How he sprang out of bed ! He rushed up to them ; he paused ; he shuddered ; he shivered ; he fell upon his knees ; he prayed God to deliver him from the snares of the evil one ; he rose ; he went to the table

again ; he stared in blanker amazement than before. At last, he summoned courage to touch, to smell them. Yes, 'twas no delusion ; 'twas no vile fiend that was mocking him. They *were* flowers, true, lovely, blessed flowers. He wept, he sang, he leaped, he capered, in his joy. And presently he became pensive again ; he dropped once more upon his knees ; he poured out his soul in prayer and thanksgiving. But where was the gracious messenger who had brought them ? He rose and went forth from his tent. He soon returned with a more troubled and bewildered look than ever. He then sat down before his dear old bible ; and he turned and read about Elijah fed by ravens, and Hagar, led by the angel through the wilderness, and the divine guests whom Abraham entertained, under the tree, before *his* tent. And again he became lost in thought ; and he buried his face in his hands ; and so I left him. And then —. 'What *are* you about, uncle ? (I think I hear you exclaim.) What wild, foolish fancies are these ? Had I thought that a poor bunch of flowers would have led your wits such a mad dance as this, I'd have kept them to myself.'

You're right. I *am* a fanciful old fool. But you must forgive me. Well, well. God bless you, my child. May your path through life be ever strewed with flowers as beautiful and fragrant as those you

sent me. And yet, dear niece, that hardly seems a rational wish, does it, in such a trying, unstable world as this ?

Let me be more reasonable then, in my benedictions. May heaven, at least, send you a kind and loving husband ; a true, discreet, and faithful help-mate. God deliver you from a drunkard, or a libertine, or a gambler, or a tyrant ! Heaven shield you from a canting fanatic, a turbulent reformer, a pseudo-philanthropist, or a mere man of business. May your children be as loving and gentle as yourself.—May they all be blest with sound constitutions, sound sets of teeth, and a sound and wholesome early training. I would not, my dear child, if I were you, altogether omit personal chastisement, in my course of discipline. No thoughtful person can look, for a moment, upon the palm of the hand, and then upon certain juvenile configurations, without feeling that they were intended to come together, at times. Not too often, of course, nor in anger ; but judicious collisions, depend upon it, are very serviceable, and profoundly impress the infantile mind. May your youngsters get off cheap, in their teething, sprue, measles, whooping-cough, and other annoyances and disorders of childhood. May the mosquitoes overlook them in their sanguinary excursions. In a word, may they all grow up to be true heroes and heroines, in their

day and generation, and may they descend at last to honored graves, as did their dear parents before them.

Such, my sweet niece, and blooming flower-gatherer, are the earnest wishes of your always whimsical, too often absurd, but ever loving uncle."

In a letter to myself, the following characteristic passage occurs :

"Yesterday, my dear boy, the thermometer stood at 70. To-day, at the same hour and place, it says 95. Yesterday, Benjamin, life seemed to be worth having, and the ordinary functions of life were performed with comfort. You could walk. You could ride. You could sit still and read, to some purpose. A fair share of clothing could be worn without annoyance, and an honest man could sleep. To-day, existence is a burden, locomotion a punishment. Study is altogether out of the question. Refreshing sleep is not to be had at any price. While I write these lines, I am as near the Paradisaical state, (I mean in point of nudity, not of innocence, or happiness,) as I dare be, and yet I am oppressed.

Yesterday, the words faith, duty, progress, probation, patriotism, etc., meant something. To-day, so far as *I* am concerned, they have a mere dictionary

existence. Yesterday, my boy, I was almost enthusiastic for Hungary. To-day, all forms of government are alike. I remember distinctly saying yesterday, in an earnest argument with Scroggins, Principles, not men. To-day, principles, men, measures, ways, means, and ends, altogether, do not seem worth the malediction of a kettle-mender.

And all this, in four and twenty little hours ! What a climate ! Is it any wonder that thermometers and constitutions wear out as fast as they do in Young America, under such arrangements ?

Quizzico looked in a moment since, *en chemise*. Without any preliminary salutation, he asked the following ridiculous question : ‘ Had the thermometer stood at 95 in the shade, in Chesnut-street, on the 4th of July, 1776, would we not, in all probability, have been Colonists to-day ? ’ He vanished instantly. Had he remained, I fear I should not have replied in that patriotic, that withering strain of indignation, that the inquiry deserved.

But seriously, Ben, is it not mortifying to think, that in the course of one little day, all a man’s pride, and pith, and heart, and soul should be melted out of him thus ? That the sage, statesman, hero, would-be-martyr, of Tuesday, should dwindle away thus, into the whining, languid, good-for-nothing, infinitesimally small potato of Wednesday ? A dozen quarto

volumes of sermons, a score of painfully elaborated poems on the vanity of human wishes, could not have impressed the above disheartening truth upon me, half so forcibly as have my sensations since sunrise.

Ah, dear, I pity the man who has to plead the cause of Missions *this* day of our Lord ; or who has charge of any sort of a subscription paper ; or the individual whose goods and chattels are brought to the hammer. Raphael himself couldn't find bidders to-day, or even the first folio edition of Shakspeare get up any thing like a gale of enthusiasm.

Do you remember the cruelly cold winter of 18— ? I was in Boston, at the time. So bitter was it, that it was positively thought injudicious to allude, by name, from the pulpit, to a certain place of torment. *Any* change for the warmer was so desirable, that it was feared, many sinners would be quite willing to earn hell, if they could only be sure of getting there. I feel to-day, dear son, *e converso*, the force of the argument of these advisers. I have no sympathy, to-day, to throw away on Ross or Parry. Nay, I would cheerfully be the co-occupant of an iceberg, with polar bears, rather than have to face a week of such weather, as this, in this great centre of civilization.

I was rash enough, a few moments since, to try to forget myself, in the luminous pages of ' Stephen on

Pleading.' I opened on his description of the nature and properties of a Special Traverse. At no stage of the thermometer, perhaps, would this subject be considered especially fascinating. After the thirteenth perusal of the opening paragraph, I still found that no idea had been conveyed to my mind, and I abandoned the experiment in disgust. I then tried to read a little in the Excursion, but I soon came to a most inglorious anchor, in the middle of a capacious parenthesis. I ought to have known better. If any poem in the language requires bracing breezes without, and wide awake faculties within, to be read with profit, this is the one. I then fled for refuge to the Arabian Nights. I fondly supposed, that no conceivable elevation or depression of the mercury, no imaginable combination of annoyances, short of downright agony of mind or body, could render those divine stories unpalatable. I thought at the moment, of young Wiggins's remark about them, some years ago, for which I have always loved the lad, since. 'I never know,' said he, 'that the mosquitoes are biting me, when I am reading *that* book.' Few authors get a compliment like *that*, Ben. He spoke for millions, too, young and old, who have gone before him, and for hundreds of millions, yet unborn. Strange to say, however, the delicious volumes did not relish to-day. As a last desperate resort, I thought of a

few parental lines to you. Behold the result. Insignificant as you will think it, I assure you, it has been a perfect labor of Hercules to me, to write these three little pages.

P. S. I hardly need add that our dearly beloved Gotham is smelling most abominably to-day. It appeals forcibly to the nose, in all weathers. Bless the City Fathers! They have, ever since I can remember, regularly extended a standing invitation to Plague and Cholera, to come and take up their abode among us. I was inquiring yesterday, by the way, of our Street Inspector, into the whereabouts of the nominal street sweepers of our Ward. He playfully replied, that they were very busy at present, constructing a platform, prior to the nomination of a President. I then ventured to ask him if he did not think our present Police force quite inadequate to the wants of the city. His only answer was, (throwing out a colossal quid, as he made it,) *Eljen Kossuth.*"

The correspondence that follows, is certainly peculiar :

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I was present again, last evening, at a Mesmeric demonstration, and was deeply impressed. Any

lingering doubts that I may have before entertained upon the subject, were effectually dispelled by the amazing, the beautiful, the triumphant experiments of the evening. I have since regretted that the meeting was a select and private one. All the town ought to have been present. All the papers ought to have been filled, this morning, with these astounding, and, I verily believe, my friend, world-revolutionizing developments. It would take a stout pamphlet, to tell you all. I shall not undertake it, nor indeed is my mind in a sufficiently serene state yet, for a long and consistent narrative.

The great, the pre-eminent clairvoyante, on this occasion, was an antique colored cook, who has long lived in the family of our mutual friend ———. In the normal state, she seemed to be a worthy old soul enough; no beauty, certainly; but an artist of respectability, no doubt, alike in the soup, pastry, and pudding departments. But when once fairly under the influence of the operator, we could all see that a mighty, a magnificent change had come over her; cook no longer, but an inspired, glorified creature was before us; Corinna, Sappho, Mrs. Somerville, Malibran, all seemed to be present to us, blended in one transcendant whole! What a sweet strain of spiritual talk she *did* pour forth, to be sure! Such recitations, too, such improvisations, and oh, such

'revelations ! She gave us the scene between Brutus and Cassius, most deliciously. She screeched out the terrific curse in Lear most sublimely. At my own particular suggestion, she recited that little speech of Ophelia, where she returns Hamlet his presents. Of course, she didn't *quite* look the character, even in the mesmeric state ; but she gave the lines with a sweetness and tenderness that left nothing to be desired. She added, moreover, some lines of her own, which the poet might have been proud to have adopted.

But far more than this. She recalled vividly, to each and every member of the meeting who chose to be put in communication with her, all the great epochs and leading incidents in his or her past life, as the case might be ; refreshing the memory of the party with the most copious information, whenever desired. She made some most astounding disclosures to *me*. Yes, circumstances in my infantile career, which I had utterly forgotten ; some even going back to the period before weaning. Among other things, by the way, my dear fellow, she told me who it was that walked off so unceremoniously with those two first volumes of Pericles and Aspasia, that you were once most unjustly accused, (not by me, however,) of appropriating. It seems it was the very person whom I had suspected from the first ; I regret to

add, a female, and one of the most rapacious and loquacious of the blue stockings of New England. I shall not fail to expose her, on her next visit to the metropolis.

But I must not go into further particulars, at present. We will talk the matter over, my dear friend, at our leisure. Suffice it to say, that every sceptic present was completely disarmed. I am confident that, had you yourself been of the party, any latent misgivings that you might have had, as to the blessed reality of these things, must have yielded and given way under such an accumulation of evidence.

Believe me, my dear Whimsiculo, your sincere friend and ardent admirer,

NUBBINS."

My kinsman replies thus :

"I was delighted, dear N., to get your pleasant letter. It found me already a believer in the glorious mysteries of which it speaks. To say truth, my friend, I should have been much more impressed by its statements, had I not been an eye-witness, a few evenings since, to developments far more startling. You shall hear. First, I must premise, however, that neither Waggles nor Wiggins, both of whom were present on the occasion, could be brought over

to the true faith ; nay, they have both, most discourteously, laughed in my face, whenever I have alluded to the subject, since. Let them laugh. You, my dear friend and brother-searcher after truth, I am sure, will lend me an attentive ear. The gathering at which these faith-compelling phenomena were manifested, was, like the one you speak of, select and private. The great performer, poet, and prophet of the evening was a young and crude Hibernian waiter ; a very recent importation from Erin, and in his ordinary state, just about as free from anything like brilliancy, native or acquired, as any other illegal voter in the land. But oh, my friend, you should have seen him, after a score or two of those wonder-working manipulations of the operator. *Dio mio*, what a metamorphosis ! His before squat and clumsy figure positively dilated into the sublime. His eyes, three-quarters closed as they were, were yet full of glorious meanings. His countenance beamed with spiritual light. He presently opened his mouth, and recited a half book of Homer grandly. He then gave us the masterpiece of Demosthenes. By request, he improvised, like another Pindar, on the theme of Washington. He then turned a chapter of Edwards on the Will, into heroic blank verse. He expounded La Place. He illuminated the darkest pages of Kant. He threw a new and

beautiful meaning into the political letters of Martin Van Buren. In a word, what did he *not*, to overwhelm the incredulous, and to entrance the intellectual witness of his wonders !

I of course insisted upon being put in communication with him ; and the prophetic intimations which he gave forth, while we were thus communing together, I confess, impressed me far more profoundly, and convincingly, than all his other performances combined. I had only to suggest a theme, or an era, past, present, or future, and he instantly expounded it, or revealed and commented upon it, with a strength of expression, and splendor of diction, that the author of Anastasius himself, never equalled. I will mention a few instances, wherein, at my request, he lifted the veil of the future.

‘Come with me now, my inspired friend,’ said I ‘into the twentieth century of our era.’

‘Here we are,’ said he, with a very rich brogue.

‘Well, how goes it ? How does the world wag, and especially the Western world ? What are they all about ? Propound. Reveal.’

‘Ah,’ said he, with a bright twinkle of the eye, sleeping though he was, ‘here we are, to be sure ; in the midst of the ever-blessed age of progress, and era of India Rubber. Elgen Caoutchouc ! America is over-run with mighty movements. I see all sorts of

glorious sights. Whole armies of school-masters and school-mistresses are abroad. I see phalansteries going up in every township. I see league-long dinner-tables filled with delighted Socialists. I see a complete and triumphant recognition, alike of the claims of Woman, and of the capabilities of Caoutchouc. I see lovely beings piloting steamers, running locomotives, cutting the throats of sheep in shambles, mounting stumps, preaching sermons, pleading causes, sawing off legs, shaving notes, and sharpening razors. I see crowds of female canvassers, at Tammany and other Wigwams. I see innumerable She-synods, She-conventions, and She-mass-meetings. But above all, do I rejoice to behold the universal diffusion, in both hemispheres, of the *great gum* of earth. "Rubber, rubber, every where." I see it in coronation robes and canonicals, in baptismal vestments and bridal garments. I see it on field-m Marshals and on news-boys ; protecting alike the shoulders of empresses, and the contents of express wagons. I see it in the Bloomers of literary amazons, as they go about, collecting subscriptions, and circulating serials. I see it in convention-platforms, in compromises, in creeds, in consciences—'

And so he went on declaiming, for some time, with a beautiful earnestness and rapidity, when I suggested to him, that we should go ahead a little farther,

and take a peep at men and things in A. D. 2200.—Instantly his eyes became brighter, and his brogue richer, than ever. ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘this is the blessed consummation of the era of light and advancement. What a spectacle! I behold all manner of precious evidences of a mighty development. I see clusters of bright, lovely babes, constructing miniature phalansteries in the well-ventilated and sumptuous nurseries of social edifices. I see sweet little girls, in gutta percha garments, sitting with their diamond editions of Locke on the Understanding, in their right hands, and long sticks of medicated candy in their left; sucking and studying, studying and sucking, with a delightful intensity. I see small boys, too, bending over their Pocket-Bowditches and Principia, with eyes that never wander, wits that never tire. I see little or nothing going on, in the way of hoop, top, kite, or marbles; no doll-smashing; no sweetmeat-stealing; but an universal gravity and decorum seem to prevail, alike in Upper-Tendom and in Under-Hundred-dom, and from the babe of yesterday, up to the veteran of fourscore. I see no traces of ballet, opera, or drama. The leaves of the new editions of Shakspeare are evidently uncut.—Milton is only read by his own angels, and by the benighted residents of other planets. The ever advancing children of men have no time to throw away

upon him. The very mountains of earth, seem to have lost their roughness and ruggedness. The brooks no longer brawl. As for the rivers, I can hardly see them for the mills. Ah, there is Niagara, dry as a bone; every drop of its waters doing duty, in mill-races; no longer ministering unto a morbid sentimentality, but rendering yeoman service in the blessed cause of manufacturing industry. I see—

But here I interposed again, and urged him on, into the twenty-fourth century. His voice suddenly seemed to lose somewhat of its elevation and velocity, and his countenance a portion of its lustre.

‘Alas,’ he resumed, ‘I behold painful indications of a re-actionary movement. There are far fewer women cruising about, and of those few, not a blessed creature do I see with pantaloons on. Ah, the poor phalansteries are crumbling to decay. Some have actually been converted into country goals, and lunatic asylums. Bless me, they are positively restoring the fortifications on the American seaboard. Steam frigates, armed to the teeth, are showing themselves in all quarters. The Maine Law is no longer the law of the planet. Cathedrals are looking up again. And now I hear strains of voluptuous, now of military music. Where are the moral, the didactic melodies of two centuries back? Where is that beautiful uniformity of scenery, costume, architecture, where

that lovely equality in the way of character and property, that then so cheered, so inspired the beholder? Where, where—'

Here I again interrupted the pro-tempore prophet. 'Stop, stop,' said I, 'is this a true picture? Can it be, that Old-Fogie-dom is on its legs again? Was it only stunned, not killed? Or is it what you describe, a mere stumble on the stairs of Progress, preparatory to a more rapid and glorious ascent at last? On, then, on, and show us what the blessed six-and-twentieth century has to say for itself.'

His voice and jaw dropped together, and his brow became still more cloudy.

'Worse and worse,' he exclaimed, 'it really looks, now, as if the old brazen age had turned up again. All is dismal and dreary. There is not a solitary railroad or telegraph in sight. The turnpikes are sadly neglected. The poor school-houses are crumbling to pieces. The mills are as silent as the church yards. Ah, there goes a troop of handsome looking ruffians, in glittering armor. Away they gallop, on their gay steeds, while those benighted women are waving their handkerchiefs to them, from the towers of yon grim castle. They go to sack, and burn, and cut each other's throats, and then, their hideous day's work done, to quaff the red blood of the grape, in mad revels through the night. I see no sails upon the

sea. I hear no voice of church-bell. Oh, how savage and picturesque the mountains look ! The brooks are running wild again, and the rivers are abandoned to their courses. Decay and desolation rule the hour ; and in what were once the hearts of mighty cities, the wild rose buds, blooms. and dies, ungathered.'

In this sad, wild way he wandered on, some moments longer, when the manipulator suggested, that it was hardly courteous to the other guests, thus to monopolize the inspired Irishman. I acquiesced in the suggestion. Otherwise he would, no doubt, have gone on, giving me invaluable information of the same sort, even up to Doomsday eve. Before dissolving the communion, however, I (rapidly taking him back with me, to my own little day and generation,) propounded the following query, of a purely local and personal character : ' What are the chances of my ever recovering any thing, on certain advances made by me, a few weeks since, to a certain literary friend ? ' ' Slender, indeed,' he replied ; ' how *could* you put your name on notes like those ? I should as soon think of endorsing for Kidd-diggers.'

Here our spiritual interview ceased.

Such, my dear Nubbins, is a very brief and inadequate sketch of the prophetic power displayed, at my own special request, by an illiterate Hibernian, while

in the magnetic sleep. These are facts. Affidavits, between friends, are of course unnecessary. But I repeat it, these are facts ; naked, all-powerful, overwhelming facts. People may sneer, and grin, and turn up their noses, and cry humbug, as much as they please ; but what candid mind can run away from phenomena like these ? When I compare them with those recorded in your own welcome letter, and with others that I have since witnessed, I say at once, I knock under, and my scepticism surrenders at discretion. Only think of it. Here was a being, who, in the normal state, was a most thorough and complete ignoramus ; hardly knowing enough to bring the polish to the surface of a pair of boots ; and in the abnormal, behold him, even in my feeble sketch ! After this, can I help believing ? Nubbins, I *do* believe in these wonders. I look forward, too, to far grander, and more magnificent things ahead. I shouldn't be surprised at all, if all the great deeds of the remainder of this century were done, and all the cream of its literature written, while under mesmeric influences.

But as you say, my dear fellow, the theme is too great and copious a one for a letter. We must meet and have a good, long, earnest, searching, glorious talk on the subject. Till then, believe me your sincere well-wisher.

W.'

The following strange note is from his friend Waggles :

"SIR—I send you herewith my splendid, brand-new, full-circle, olive-colored, superfine, broadcloth, Spanish cloak. In so doing, I feel that I am acting the part of a consistent Bible Christian ; you having, in the most cool and collected manner, walked off with my Paletot : St. Matthew, ch. 5, v. 40.

Your obed't. servant, W. W. WAGGLES."

I subjoin the reply to it.

"MY FRIEND :

Your communication is received, and with it, a cloak ; but one by no means corresponding with your description. On the contrary, a shabbier, nastier piece of plaid, I never beheld ; a garment that would positively disgrace the shoulders of the most disreputable *voiturier* of the old world. While looking at its greasy velvet collar, the thought actually occurred to me, that Shem himself might possibly have worn it, while helping his father shove off the ark. I take it for granted, that your messenger has either made some strange mistake, or has been playing you false in the matter. You no doubt in-

tended to present me with the beauty described in your note.

And yet I confess to some strange misgivings on the subject. Candidly, Waggles, what *was* the motive of your communication? Do you mean deliberately to charge me with having stolen a coat of yours? Or was it merely a delicate, roundabout way of making me a handsome New Year's present, i. e. supposing the right article had arrived? Or was it a wish to get rid of a filthy, unsavory garment? Or did you intend it as a sneer at the too closely logical character of my mind, and my tendency to strict construction, both of my Bible, and of the laws I live under? Or was it simply an absurd whim, which came into your head, and which, most characteristically, you determined to put straight-way into practice, without regard to propriety or consequences?

I shall take the liberty of saying a word or two, on each of these very interesting and important points. Let me premise, however, that I acquit you of any intentional irreverence towards the volume which you cite. There *are* those, to be sure, excellent but somewhat literal minded people, who might object to the propriety of your note; and there are others in abundance, rancorous, pharisaical blue-skins, who would not hesitate to call you, on the

strength of it, a vile and malignant infidel. These last (I say with you) be hanged !

And now to my first point. To state it, is sufficiently to argue it. The idea that I, or any other sane man, would deliberately walk off with, still less wear, *any* coat, or hat, or boots, or any other article of clothing, that you had ever been in or under ! Monstrous, indeed. Why, man, the patriotism of a Taylor, the statesmanship of a Webster, the credit of an Astor, couldn't stand such a shock. It is barely possible, that in a fit of abstraction, (having, as you know, been deeply absorbed in metaphysical studies, of late), I may have exchanged overcoats with you, to your own great gain by the operation ; but I repeat it, the notion that I, or any other individual who had any reputation whatever to look after, moral, literary, or financial, would *voluntarily* go about, in any toggery of yours, is too abominably absurd to be dwelt upon.

As to the second suggestion, that you took this indirect and fanciful way of making me a New Year's present, I wish I could believe it. I feel that you are capable of such things. But there are circumstances connected with the transaction, that forbid any such supposition. In the first place, why was not the genuine article left ? Why, too, did the man who left it, grin so, as he handed it to the house-

maid? Why did he hurry away so, without waiting to give or receive any explanations? Above all, why did he indulge in such an obstreperous guffaw, before he had got a rod from my door? Feeling that you cannot give any satisfactory answer, to either of these posers, I proceed to my

Third point. Was it a mere wish to get rid of a nuisance at the expense of a neighbor? I most cheerfully acquit you of any such purpose. I am no great believer, I confess, in human excellence. I believe the majority of men are, and probably ever will be, a pretty jesuitical, corrupt, wicked set. I do not believe the day will ever come when foundlings will not be left at the doors of rich bachelors; when tenants generally will look with eyes of confidence and love upon their landlords; when nuisances will give way to mere public opinion, unaided by statutes; when an ugly, good woman will be more caressed than a beautiful bad one; when brilliant scoundrels, who go about cutting throats by wholesale, in the magnificent attire of a Pyrrhus or a Murat, will not receive far more of the applause of the multitude, (particularly if the accompanying music be good,) than will ever be the portion of those who merely go about doing good, in useful, yet uncomely garments of India Rubber. At the same time, my dear Waggles, I will do you the justice to say, that I consider

you about as free from the weaknesses and vices implied in the above statement, as any individual in the Ward.

My fourth point, I think a far more serious one. Was your note, then, intended as a fling at me, as a hair-splitter, and strict-constructionist? If so, I deny the charge, most stoutly. I am not, I never was a strict constructionist, either of Scripture, or of the laws, or of our ever-blessed Constitution. And you know it. You know that I have never sympathised with the narrow, sectional, Jeffersonian interpretation of that glorious instrument; but have always been an humble but devoted admirer of the broad, grand, Websterian version. And so with the text, which you cite so queerly, and withal inaptly, (for it clearly refers to litigation, not larceny;) I do not, nor ever did, interpret it literally; nor any of the precepts of Christianity. They were never intended to be construed like so many clauses in a bond, or deed. That is the very beauty and efficacy of them, their strength of expression, their warm, glowing imagery, their (so to speak) delightful ultraism. Had they been mere calm, philosophical enunciations of truth, what good would they have ever done to the world, and, above all, to the poor, ignorant crowds who listened to them? But to descend from the great teacher to smaller ones; must not every true

reformer, to carry his point, to make an impression upon his age, mix up with his more solid materials a respectable portion of ultraism, a great deal of poetry, and a sprinkling of charlatanry? How else can he make his medicine go down, in a stupid, wicked world like this? The most invaluable preparation that was ever got up, what signifies it, without the aid of comely bottles, of labels ornamented with nude allegorical figures, and of copious and rhetorical advertisements? Will the finest fish that ever swam, ever reach the stomach of the epicure, unaided by the horn of the vendor? The finest collection of wild beasts that ever made the tour of New England, will it pay, without its Brass Band, and Mammoth show-bills? Yes, the greatest genius that ever pleaded the cause of reform, may get useful hints from the vilest mountebank that ever trifled with rustic ignorance. How absurd, then, to construe strictly, the glowing sentences of champions of freedom, or to quarrel with them, for resorting freely to the embellishments of poetry, and to all the appliances and weapons of the orator! So far, then, my friend, from being a carper, and strict-constructionist, I am for making every allowance for the genuine and hearty reformer. I would forgive him many little sins, both of omission and commission. The man who is absorbed, heart and soul, in a great

and glorious cause, is not to be expected to turn round, and make a formal and elaborate apology to every obscure individual, on whose toes he may happen to tread in the course of his ardent career ; nor to descend into all the little minutiae and punctilious observances that etiquette may call for, in a highly refined and artificial society. So he be honest, and earnest, and self-devoting, we will not insist upon these minor matters. But as to your mere charlatans and swindlers, who go about disturbing the peace of the community, and violating all the proprieties of life, under the guise of reformers ; men, all whose zeal is resolvable into a mere love of notoriety, or of power ; such turbulent and self-satisfied creatures are entitled to no consideration ; such individuals I would not only construe strictly, but confine closely, as nuisances to be abated, and enemies of the public peace.

Feeling myself to have been sufficiently lengthy and prosy on this point, I hasten to my fifth and last. And herein, after all, I believe, lies the true secret of the whole affair. Another perusal of your note, and another look at the garment that came with it, only serve to confirm that impression. So own up, you sad dog, at once, and confess that the whole thing was a silly joke, which popped into your head, and which you thought too rich to be lost. Ac-

knowledge, too, that you are, this very moment, dying with curiosity to know how said joke was received. Well, I must confess it was a pretty fair hit. To be sure, Mrs. W., the too often nervous, literal, and fastidious Mrs. W., was disposed to turn up her nose at it, and would not see the wit of it. It gave *me* a good, hearty laugh, though, and as for Tom, the young rascal, he was quite delighted. The scapegrace actually wrapped himself up in it, and after strutting around the room some three or four times, suddenly stopped, and began to recite Othello's farewell to his profession. The effect was grand, indeed. Tom has a deal of fun in him, already; partially innate, and partially the result of his intimacy with the younger Wiggins. Your having given him such a treat is, I confess, O Waggles, a complete vindication, in my eyes, of your conduct in this absurd affair; for, between ourselves, I am old fogie enough to like to see my children happy, to enjoy their jokes, to have a share in their amusements, and to watch with interest the growth of their tender understandings. As I now feel, I am very much afraid, (but don't expose my weakness, so unworthy of this age of light and progress,) that I shall leave the bulk of my little property to them, and not to the cause either of Home or of Foreign Missions.

Ever and truly yours, WHIMSICULO."

In another letter to the same friend, he writes thus :

“My portrait was sent home yesterday. I confess, I am anxious to have your opinion of it. I have but little confidence in my own judgment, in such matters. To say truth, the family are *not* over-impressed by it. Mrs. W. spoke her mind very freely. She said she had seen me look very silly, and very stupid, in her day, but she would do me the justice to acknowledge that my countenance had never worn an expression so frightfully idiotic.—What a tribute to the artist! Clarissa didn’t go quite so far, but simply remarked, in her quiet way, ‘I can’t help thinking, dear papa, that the painter has succeeded in catching your very worst expression.’ Susan said, she thought it looked like a very great man, very much in liquor. Benjamin replied that he thought there were far more traces of grog in the artist, than in the sitter. He went on to say, that of the one hundred and fifty specimens of portraiture, now hanging on the walls of the Academy, there were actually not more than a hundred and forty-five that were more atrocious. Tom, of course, must needs put in his oar. ‘Dad,’ said he respectfully, ‘I wish to heaven I was a tobacco-chewer; I should so love to substitute that daub for the spit-

toon, for the next six months.' At this juncture, who should enter but young Wiggins. 'Now,' said I, 'for an honest and unbiassed opinion. He took a deliberate, and apparently earnest survey, from several points of view, and finally remarked, 'Somehow or other, the farther I get off from it, and the feebler the light, the more I seem to be pleased with it. Pray, who is the artist, and who is the victim?'

This last was the cruellest cut of all. Can you wonder, after such an accumulation of compliments, that I am anxious to have your views on the subject. Do come, and discover if you can, some latent merit in the work, or else I shall put my heel through it in disgust before morning. Catch me in such a scrape again! No, not to gratify Queen Victoria, herself.

P. S. Upon a more deliberate inspection, I confess I begin to feel the justice of the above expressed opinions. It is, indeed, an atrocious daub. I have been outrageously caricatured, vilely swindled. It is not fit, even, for the Arkansas market. I foresee a most ignoble career for this precious work. It will certainly never be borne aloft in any triumphal procession; never be garlanded with flowers; never transferred to snuff-boxes and encircled with rubies; nor be hugged, or kissed, in miniature copies. No choice engravings will ever be taken from it, for cir-

culatation among admiring friends, or by way of introduction to a volume of sweet poems. On the contrary, a very early grave in an obscure garret, and a final demolition by hungry rats, will be its portion.

5, P. M. I have been taking a third, and still more faithful observation, dear Waggles, since dinner, and strange to say, I begin to feel a decided reaction in favor of the portrait in question. I begin to see great, transcendant merits in it. 6, P. M. A Committee on the part of the Art-Union have just been here, and have made me a most liberal offer for the picture, but I have peremptorily declined it, both on financial grounds, and from a proper regard for the feelings of the family."

The following extract from a letter to his friend Nubbins, is in a much more serious, and, it must be confessed, somewhat savage strain :

"I write you, my dear fellow, as you will have already perceived, under some excitement. True, I *am* excited, provoked, indignant, at having my time taken up, and patience tried thus. The truth is, I had only just been released from a terrible nuisance. Yes, for one mortal hour, was that stupid, conceited old bore and humbug — here, pouring out his wishy-washy flood of truisms. His

prominent theme was the importance and necessity of labor. It was very evident, too, from the half-supercilious, half-patronizing glances that he kept throwing, every now and then, at myself, books, and papers, that he considered it quite a piece of condescension, to recognize any thing that *I* might happen to be about, at the time, as coming under that denomination. The impertinent coxcomb ! Still, had he said any thing worth listening to, I could have kept my temper ; but such pitifully shallow, narrow, one-sided notions as his ; such wretched logic, such shabby rhetoric, such trifling with English, such an insolent assumption of superiority, too, were too much ; I confess, I couldn't stand it, and the interview terminated, at last, by my showing him the door.

Was I to blame, my friend ? I think not. What right, indeed, has such a nobody as this, such an impersonation of all that is tedious and commonplace, because, forsooth, he has money in his purse, and that not by virtue of any honest exertion of that same labor which he professes to applaud so much, but because of certain lucky speculations in stocks and cotton, what right has he, I say, to take such airs upon himself, and to go about reading lectures to his betters ?

You know, my friend, that I am no partizan. I am willing to listen to the suggestions and opinions

of a candid and sensible man, though they *may not* always chime in with my own. Nay, I am ready to receive the reproofs and rebukes of a wise and good man ; to make him my confessor ; to acknowledge my ten thousand imperfections of mind and character, and to seek alike his counsel and his sympathies. But I confess, my blood boils within me at times, when I think of the airs and the insolence of these empty, and conceited pretenders, who are forever thrusting their alike gratuitous and stupid opinions upon their neighbors.

Why, what does this man know about the true value of life, or of its objects, that he should talk to me thus ; thus inflict upon me his miserable common-places about utility and labor ? A man whose whole life has been devoted to money-making and material interests ; whose amusements, whenever he has condescended to participate in them, have been of the most frivolous and silly kind ; a man, who has neither ear for music, eye for landscape, nor soul for poetry ; who has no affection for any thing, apparently, but his own way and his own money-bags ; to whom the words, sentiment and sensibility, are idle sounds ; who looks upon the blessed earth itself as a mere mass of masonry and machinery, and who degrades the very God he worships into a mere engineer and magistrate ; who, were he in St. Peters, this very mo-

ment, would cast an incurious, uninterested eye upon its splendors, and the glorious thoughts embodied in its marbles and mosaics, nay, would turn away from its golden roof and all-glorious cupola, to add up the bills of the contractors, (could he but get hold of them,) to inquire into the mode of ventilating the building, and into the average range of the thermometer therein ; a man, whom all the harps of all the angels could not arouse from his earthy, sordid speculations ; who cannot see the difference between the meanest camp-meeting hymn, and the sublimest strain of Milton ; who is no more capable of sounding the mighty depths of Shakspeare, than a babe at breast is of solving a proposition in Euclid, or of decyphering the hieroglyphics of a dry goods' advertisement ; who, were the blessed Mayflower herself to heave in sight, this very moment, would see no glorious halo about her, would feel no moisture in his eye, nor throbbing in his heart, but would straightway and coolly, fall to comparing her rig, and build, and rate of progress through the water, with those of any common whaler, or Kinderhook schooner ; a man, who will talk to you all day long about the construction of a reaping-machine, or some unimportant modification of a steamboat-paddle, while he is contented to remain in the most porcine ignorance of that most stupendous, fearful, glorious of all pieces

of mechanism, the human heart ; I ask again, my friend, what business has a shallow, coarse-grained creature like this, to go about lecturing on morals subjects, and invading the studies of his neighbors with his flippant and presumptuous criticisms ? Why, could this man have had his way, he would have pulled down Raphael himself from the scaffolding whereon he was finishing the School of Athens, and made him turn hog-driver. He would have snatched away his unfinished Lear from Shakspeare, and have set him to breaking stones upon the highway.—What would *he* care, to-day, if all the bells of all the cathedrals of earth were to cease their chimes forever ? *He* wouldn't lift a finger, to save all their painted windows from the clutches of a mob. If every flower was blotted from the face of the earth, and every sunset from the skies, so far from missing them, he would be delighted with the arrangement ; would see in it a recognition of the superior wisdom of his own views on the subject of employment and utility.

And am I patiently to listen to an individual like this ? Haven't I a right to be a little extravagant, and somewhat furious, at such an unseasonable, unprofitable interruption of my studies ?

Thus much, dear Nubbins, by way of explanation and vindication of the frame of mind in which I

write. Alas, my friend, how many such fellows there are in this community of ours ! There is another set, too, and their name is legion, who, I confess, are to me equally annoying and repulsive. I mean your vulgar upstarts, of both sexes, who having become suddenly enriched by happy hits in rum, or lard, or sugar, retire from the arena of trade, straightway to become prominent figures in the great tableau of fashion. Essentially coarse and swinish as they are, in all their tastes and habits, and therefore only tolerable in seclusion, they nevertheless court the eye of the critic, by studiously arraying themselves and children, and servants, and mansions, and equipages, in all manner of tinsel finery and gaudy splendor ; individuals who purchase lace by the mile, and mirrors by the acre ; who squander thousands upon the boquets and confectionery of their supper-tables, but who can find neither money in their purses, nor space in their gingerbread mansions, for any works of art, unless they be the full-length portraits of their own uncomely persons, tricked out in ruby velvets, and full diamond outfits ; individuals who have no more taste in art than the very pigs that have been the sources of their wealth ; who would deliberately pass by the divine Psyche herself, to hang enraptured over the waxen figure of some over-dressed bride, as she revolves upon her pedestal, in the win-

dow of a barber's shop ; who would profane the Rhigi itself, by a discussion of the comparative merits of the legs of Ellsler and Cerito ; who would sigh for the Saratoga correspondence of the Herald, under the very portico of the Parthenon. The airs, the insolence of such miserable pretenders as these, are they not, my friend, fair game for the satirist ? Can one help asking indignantly, at times, why is it that such an unreasonably large proportion of the money of the world is in the pockets of such creatures as these, while so many true poets, artists, and philosophers, true sons of genius, whose hearts are full of glorious sentiments, whose brains are alive with noble thoughts, can get no hearing in the community, no recognition of their claims ; but are condemned to languish in obscurity, to maintain a desperate fight with pinching poverty all their days ?

But I will not trespass further on your patience, my friend. It is easy to ask such questions as these, but few indeed are the men who are qualified to answer them ; and *they*, only after prayer and fasting. I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for having said so much. You will see, I fear, more passion and egotism, than wisdom in my remarks ; and some traces withal, of dyspepsia. I fear it is so. Well, well, forgive and burn the scrawl, but do not cease to love the scribbler. Adieu."

The following passage, in an epistle to Quizzico, is in his more usual style of playful irony, with an occasional dash of the sarcastic :

"I have just had a little chat with our mutual friend, the younger Wiggins. What a quiz the dog is ! Let me repeat, briefly, what passed between us, by way of illustration.

'Ah,' said he, 'how ay'e do ? You are the very man I was looking for. I wish to get you interested in, and if possible, enthusiastic about, a movement which ought to command the sympathies of every lover of his race.'

'Ah,' said I, 'what is it ?'

'I have sent a prospectus to you, this very morning,' he replied, 'which will explain all. You will see, by it, that I am one of a committee appointed to collect subscriptions, in behalf of a society just organized, for the purpose of endeavoring to induce the benighted inhabitants of the Feejee and the neighboring islands, to patronize tailors much more extensively than they do, and to come over from their horrible anthropophagic courses, to a more wholesome, and, if possible, a purely vegetable diet. Isn't it a glorious idea ? Don't the mere announcement of it put you in a glow ? Come now, what say you ? Two hundred and fifty—five hundred—a thousand—.'

‘Stop, stop, my young friend,’ said I; ‘not so fast. Don’t you think, between ourselves, that this charity begins at a terrible distance from home?’

‘Well,’ he replied, ‘it must be confessed, charity used to be more domestic in her habits, in the times of the Fogies; but in these days of cheap and rapid traveling, and of the electric diffusion of ideas, she, like other interesting females, is very fond of dating her letters and doing her deeds of love at the Antipodes. But what shall I put you down for?’

‘Hold on, if you please. What have you got already? How does the cause progress?’

‘Bravely, bravely, my friend. I have this very moment received a letter from General Thumb, full of generous sentiments, and of sympathy for the movement. To be sure, there was no money inclosed; but there was a large bundle of cast-off clothing, accompanying the missive, which will be of signal service to us. William Henry Marsh, the Infant Drummer, also writes us a most encouraging note, wherein he offers us one thirty-second part of the avails of his next concert. The Aztecs are with us, heart and soul. The proprietors of the five-headed sow, now exhibiting in the Bowery, have promised us an entire day and evening, some time next week.’

‘Ah,’ said I, ‘this *does* look encouraging. The

public really seem to be interested in the matter.—
What else ?

‘ Here is another note, which I got yesterday, from a friend to the cause, enclosing a one dollar note of the Leather Manufacturer’s Bank, of Buncombe, Michigan. Just look at it. I am not familiar with the Michigan money, myself. Perhaps you may take a notion to it, and insist on giving me a city bill for it.’

He thereupon handed me one of the most weather-stained, crumbling, and suspicious looking promises to pay, that was ever put forth by individual or corporation. In fact, I never saw any thing of the kind, half so uninviting ; always excepting those ever-blessed Relief Notes, which our great sister State, the Keystone, so long paid her debts in ; that lovely currency, at once a medium of payment, and a vehicle of disease. How often have I seen her unfortunate creditors, literally knocked down by the odor emanating therefrom, while counting it over !

Promptly returning the note to its owner, I inquired if he had any further encouraging statements to make.

‘ Yes,’ he said, ‘ we are to have a collection, next Sunday, at ——’s church : I should have preferred, myself, a postponement thereof, for a couple of months, considering the present range of the thermometer,

and the scattered state of the congregation ; but beggars, you know, must not be choosers. We are also promised an early benefit at the Lyceum, which, for similar reasons, I fear will be highly nominal in its character. This paper will show you the result of my own individual efforts, thus far. After reading the list, I am sure you will be proud to add your own name to it. To be sure, there are *some* persons down on it, whom you will be surprised to see there, and who, strictly speaking, perhaps ought not to be there ; insolvents of long standing, and such like.— There are a few others, too, which you will recognize as belonging to individuals, who are by no means model-husbands or fathers, or model-citizens, but who are yet, somehow or other, devotedly and beautifully interested in the movement ; wisely considering its advancement more desirable and imperative, at present, than any further legislation or action, on the subject of emigration, or pauperism, or temperance, or street cleaning, or the reorganization of the police, or any such subordinate matter.'

He thereupon handed me a paper ; but before I had time to open it, he most promptly disappeared, down a side street. I confess I had my misgivings, as to the true character of its contents. On unfolding it, I discovered that it was neither more nor less than a Bill of Fare of a dinner recently given at the

Astor House, to a veteran Whig statesman ; at which entertainment, this young scapegrace and Munchausen had been present.

While by no means, my friend, vindicating such abominable trifling with truth, I must yet do young Wiggins the justice to say, that he played his part with great dramatic power. Nay, I am sure, that the venerable apple-woman, near whose stall the above conversation took place, and who evidently caught some snatches of it, set him down as one of the most staid, sedate, and exemplary young men in the community."

In a letter written a few days after, to the same friend, he thus expresses himself :

"An hour ago, my dear fellow, I was one of the happiest, most cheerful fellows, on the face of the earth. Since then, an incident has transpired, which has, for the morning, at least, robbed life of all its charms. 'Ah, what was it?' you feelingly ask.—'Why, sir, let me tell you ; and I must confess, I shudder as I do so. You must know, then, that a few moments since, while I was reading aloud, and with great exaltation of spirit, a most glorious passage in the *Paradise Regained*, a monstrous grey rat suddenly ran across my boot, to my ineffable sur-

prise and disgust. Whence the loathsome wretch came, I know not; whither he went, I had not courage to investigate. But oh, my friend, I lack words to express the thrill of horror that ran through me at the time. And even now, as I write about the occurrence, I am a prey to mingled feelings of fright, hatred, loathing, and revenge. Curse the creature, what business had he thus to interrupt my studies, and mar my enjoyments? No more poetry to-day. I shall be afraid to lose myself, for a solitary half-second, lest the infernal wretch should make his reappearance.

How you are laughing at me! What a miserable, nervous old fool you, of course, think me! I own it. I have an invincible antipathy to these vermin. I can see neither beauty nor propriety in them. I can't help wondering how they ever entered into the Creation-Programme. Bats are bad enough, but they are angels in comparison. I am for giving them the widest kind of berth. I acknowledge it, I *am* afraid of the monsters. I had rather face forty thieves than ten rats, any day. Misunderstand me not, however. I should, no doubt, show both a clean pair of heels. I am no hero, and shall never be an idol in any hero-worship. I merely mean to say, that in case of necessity, I should prefer the bipeds as antagonists.

Others, I know, have different tastes. They seem

to like the wretches, and take pleasure in their society ; will pet and feed them, and carry them about in bags, as boys do their books ; nay, will bet on them, in their encounters with terriers, and will positively seem to take more pleasure in these latter entertainments, than they would in reading even Butler's *Analogy* itself. I can't agree with them. I wish the entire genus had been exterminated, for good and all, at the Flood, and that they only existed in the fossil state. But it was otherwise arranged. They were spared, and had their due place in the procession, as it entered the Ark, and, no doubt, in the invoice. A pair only, of course, went aboard, but I dare say, there were a good baker's dozen of them, when it was time to disembark. Oh, why is it, my friend, that the loathsome, venomous, destructive things and creatures of earth, should increase and multiply with such fearful rapidity, while the valuable ones, while the truly royal specimens, alike of men and beasts, are so few, and hard to rear ? Why should an Epaminondas, and a Washington, be defrauded of children, while every jail-bird in the land has at least his score ? Let me ask one more question. Why is it, my dear friend, that these same disgusting animals, should be so fond of our metropolitan theatres, and especially of the stage-boxes of those theatres ? I remember distinctly, that on the occasion of my last

three visits to the lamented Park, I had these four-legged votaries of the drama for co-occupants of the said stage-box. Any enjoyment of the play, after such a discovery, was quite out of the question. I retired most promptly. Had Mrs. Siddons herself been performing, and had I paid a couple of doubloons for my ticket, I should have done the same thing. To make the matter worse, I had ladies with me, the last time. Nevertheless, (I blush as I confess it) I beat a most rapid and inglorious retreat.—So utterly insuperable, and argument-proof, is my horror of these creatures! Yes, the bare perusal of that horrible story of Bishop Hatto, actually kept me awake once, for a week together.

There is a frightful fascination about this subject, dear Q.; I cannot tear myself away from it. I came near uttering a most abominable sentiment just now, viz., that I could almost be reconciled to perdition, if I thought that the heavenly mansions were exposed to the inroads of these pests. But I checked myself in time. This much I *will* say, however, that I had rather live with the most ugly and turbulent of her sex, in a rat-proof dwelling, than have a Hero, Helen, and Penelope combined, for the partner of my joys, in lodgings where we would be liable to have our slumbers disturbed, beds invaded, and (fearful thought) our toes and noses, and

those of our loved ones, nibbled by these atrocious wretches.

How any man could deliberately sit down, and write an elaborate work on these creatures, and above all, how any public could buy and read such a book, with any relish, is to me inconceivable. And yet, I see by an advertisement in this very morning's paper, that the seventy-fifth thousand of *Riggs on Rats*, is nearly exhausted, and the work bids fair to have a greater run even than *Dinks on Dogs*, itself. It would seem, from said advertisement, that the work is illustrated with engravings, and dedicated to a distinguished citizen of *Catskill*. What a compliment, this last!

One query more, dear Quizzico, and I will relieve you from the writer, and the theme. Is it possible, my friend, that *we*, proud lords of creation that we style ourselves, are yet too often looked upon by superior intelligences, as creatures quite as unprofitable, offensive, and destructive, as these very vermin I have been speaking of? Oh, can it be, that this same restless metropolis of ours, so full of business, and hurry, and tumult, so soon to be the centre of earth's traffic, and very heart of Christendom, is, after all, so insignificant a speck in the Universe? *Do* the mighty angels, as they pass by it, in their heavenly excursions, look down upon it, at times,

with those feelings of mingled pity and wonder, with which we sometimes look down upon a community of ants, as they start forth, and radiate in all directions, when their employments have been interrupted, their habitations devastated, by the stick of some idle, wanton school-boy? Alas, there is nothing cheering or inspiring, and therefore, perhaps, nothing profitable, in thoughts like these. To cherish them, would indeed be madness. At the same time, may they not teach us an occasional lesson of humility? And do not *we*, of all men that have lived since Adam, most need that lesson? We, whose lot is cast in this self-glorifying century, and in this saucy, boasting, turbulent, irreverent town?"

In the summer of 18—, he writes thus to his friend Nubbins:

"We were favored, last evening, with a visit from —— and his wife. Of course, we were highly instructed and edified thereby. They were hardly seated, when two brilliant streams of talk began to flow from them, alike musical and voluble: one from Mrs. —— on the Hungarian struggle, for the benefit of my better half, while I constituted the audience before whom her husband pronounced an ardent lecture on the great subject of compromises. This

latter was indeed an earnest, zealous, delightfully one-sided effort. I saw, from the start, that any attempt to obstruct its progress, by words either of affirmation or negation, would be entirely impracticable. ——— never did, never will surrender the floor, except on a motion to adjourn. I might as well have got up in my pew to reply to a pulpit argument, as to have tried to get a hearing on this occasion.

I need hardly tell you, Nubbins, for you know the man well, that he declared himself a thorough-going and uncompromising enemy of all compromises whatever. He abominated the very sound of the word. *Every* compromise implied a sacrifice of truth to expediency. That was enough for him. Away with them all. Truth, truth, truth ; the downright, naked truth ; that's what *he* went for. Out with it, at all times, to all men, under all circumstances, come what, come may. This was the great idea of this parlor-ornament of a discourse. He repeated it about two hundred and fifty times, and each time, in pretty nearly the same words ; he having a, by no means, copious vocabulary, or remarkable powers of illustration.

Beautiful doctrine ! You have but to apply it, to see how admirably it vindicates itself. For instance, I met, to-day, a friend who was decidedly over the

bay. This is perhaps the third or fourth time that I have seen him so, in as many years. All the rest of that time hath he struggled, heroically and victoriously, with his appetites, dear lover of good things that he is. Once per annum, however, in spite of himself, he *will* get off the track, for a day or so. And so was it, this morning. Navigation was evidently a tedious and difficult thing for him. So I quietly put him in a carriage, and gave him a bed in my own house, without remarks. But oh, how criminal was my silence. It was clearly my duty, according to this wise man, to have blurted out the unpleasant facts to my friend, at the time, and when sober, ay, and to his family and friends, and to the sweet girl whom he is addressing ; to put him in the power of every tattler and gossip in the community, without the slightest regard to his reputation or prospects. The sacred cause of truth imperatively demanded the sacrifice. I met another friend, yesterday. Poor fellow, he's fast going. Consumption has got her fell paw upon him. He has not two months' breath in him. Still, like all the victims of this treacherous destroyer, he don't realize the fact. And so he was pleasant, and cheerful, and sanguine as ever, and I replied to him in the same encouraging strain. But I was a scoundrel in so doing. It was my obvious duty here, as in the first case, to

have blurted out the uncomfortable facts on the spot, even had it cost the poor man his life; even had he thereby died with will unmade, and with letters of love or conciliation to absent or estranged friends unwritten. What of all that? Truth and duty know not, ought not to know, any considerations of expediency. So said, at least, with oracular solemnity, and magisterial wave of hand, this modern Solon. But, Nubbins, I will not insult your, or my own understanding, by any further applications of such an ultraism. As if every sensible man did not see, that a thousand cases are occurring hourly, in a town like this, wherein both the keeping back the truth, and the uttering of a downright thumper, are not merely justifiable, but obligatory!

But your enthusiast cannot bear a qualified doctrine, or its holder. And so this man said, honestly no doubt, that he hated the very sound of the word *compromise*. To be sure, life itself, rightly considered, is one perpetual series of compromises. The very motion of the planet, what is it but a compromise? Every meal that is eaten, every bow that is bent, every marriage that is consummated, law that is passed, railroad that is built, bargain that is driven, government that is constructed, is it not the very creature of compromise? Concessions and compromises, are they not the foundation-stones, and beams, and rafters of that

master-work of legislative skill, our ever blessed Constitution? How monstrous, then, for a man to express himself in this arrogant and sweeping style about them; to set up his own isolated, imperfect notions of truth and duty, as authority, and to insist upon making them the standard by which all life's business is to be adjusted, and to risk the peace of the world, in order to force them down the throats of others! Even if the very right and very truth be with him, they must give way, at times, to the voice of nature, and to the suggestions of prudence. What right, too, has he, or any other worthy but obscure individual that comes along, to turn law-giver, any more than dictionary maker, for the community? to set his little *forum conscientiae* above the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, any more than to array his crude definitions against the authority of Johnson, or his ill-considered notions of etiquette against the ceremonials of drawing-rooms? Allow these privileges to Stiles, Nokes, and the rest of us, and good breeding, good sense, good order, become at once mere idle sounds, and the world a huge bear-garden.

But, as I said before, my friend, I could not find an opening for the insertion of any one of the above remarks. The strong lungs, and undeviating persistency of ———, defy interruption. He talks as

he drinks, right onward. The hour of cock-crow, and the bottom of the barrel, alone can stop him, when fairly started. It would have made no difference, however, had I succeeded in giving my views breath. A comprehensive pshaw, or an annihilating wave of the hand, would have been their only greeting from this avowed champion of truth. As I once heard you yourself say, my dear Nubbins, I should as soon undertake to batter down the walls of Quebec with dough-nuts, as to make any impression by force of argument, upon this most obstinate and conceited of men.

Mrs. W. reports, substantially, the same characteristics, as appertaining unto the eloquent discourse delivered to herself, by her lady-visitor, in behalf of Hungary. There was a little more copiousness and variety of language, to be sure, and more embellishing of the great thought of Intervention, on which it was based. This was to be expected from the superior literary pretensions of the speaker. Still, there were the same evidences of good wind, and strength of lungs; the same profound contempt for any thing in the shape of a reply; the same unflinching determination to keep the floor at all hazards. Indeed, it is hardly uncharitable to say, that as her husband is the most one-sided and obstinate of all truth-seekers, so is she one of the most arrogant and overbearing

of female philanthropists. I would not be cynical, my friend. It is, I know, an unsatisfactory task to analyze too nicely the motives of one's own conduct, and a most unhandsome one to scan too critically the doings of those about us ; but phenomena that I have witnessed, for many years, in the deportment of this female, force me to the conclusion, that she is by no means the model-woman that she sets up for ; that she has her full proportion of foibles and frailties ; and that her zeal for the welfare and progress of the race, is pretty much all resolvable into a love of notoriety and influence. How many worthy, hopeful enterprizes has she spoken disparagingly of, simply because they have originated in the folds of heretics : how many creditable performances, in all the departments of art, has she affected ignorance of, because the performers have neglected to bow the knee, and pay tribute to her greatness : how many charms and graces has she been unable to recognize, because their wearers have grown up under the wing of other patronesses ! On the other hand, *any* charitable cause whose subscription-list her name is at the head of, must perforce be the great cause of the age ; any walk, of which she is the prominent hen, *must* lead to glorious issues ; any pill that may have benefitted her, is from that moment, the great, leading pill of the day ; and oh, *that* pudding, the receipt whereof

she hath furnished, the combined genius of all the cooks of Paris and Vienna, could not produce its fellow. So clearly visible are self-love, and a thirst for power, in all her undertakings !

Ah, Nubbins, if these people would only keep quiet, and mind their own business, it wouldn't be so bad. But when they put on such airs, and go about, thrusting their advice on their neighbors, reading their gratuitous and pharisaical lectures, and dictating to them how they shall bring up and educate their children, I confess I get quite out of patience. I must plead guilty to an especial horror of these literary monsters, these man-women, these pretentious meddlers, these cankers of a calm neighborhood, these *intervenors* (forgive the word) in family jars, these self-elected guardians of the manners and morals of the parish. My dear wife, too, sympathizes entirely with me, on this point, and has accordingly instructed the servant, the next time that this brace of reformers make a descent upon us, to say that we are engaged every evening for the next ten years."

Among a variety of queer epistles to my kinsman, from the younger Wiggins, I find the following :

"RESPECTED SIR—

I cannot forbear sending you the annexed report of a nice bit of spiritual talk which I had, last even-

ing, with the Bard of Teos. I am well aware of the deep interest which you are taking, at present, in spiritual matters. The conversation is, in itself, unimportant, and borders somewhat on levity, it must be confessed. To say truth, I am not classical scholar enough to avail myself, as I ought, of the frequent interviews I have had of late, with antique visitors from the spirit-land. The *authenticity* of the talk, however, is not to be questioned. I give you the naked facts, direct from head-quarters. For convenience' sake, I have preserved the dialogue form.—Imagine me, then, my dear sir, seated, a little before dusk, solus, in the paternal dining room, quietly discussing a mint-julep of my own manufacture, (enter Spirit of Anacreon.)

Wiggins, Jun. Holloa, there. Who and how are you?

Anacreon. Never better, thank you, and Anacreon of Teos. You have heard of me, I dare say.

Wiggins, Jun. God bless me. Is it possible?—Why, my dear old glorious classic cock and poet, how are you? How have you been for the last five and twenty centuries? Do pray be seated.

Anacreon. Thank you, my dear young friend. I can't stop long, though, for I've got a good many hundred millions of leagues before me, between this and

sun-rise. But what, in Pluto's name, have you got there?

Wiggins, Jun. A mint-julep.

Anacreon. What?

Wiggins, Jun. A mint-julep. You look astonished. Is it possible, that in all your celestial travels, you have never run against the article? The bard of bibbers, too, at that!

Anacreon. Never, so help me Jove. Allow me to investigate——

Wiggins, Jun. Patience, patience; wait a moment or two, my poetical friend, while I brew you one of my very best. (*He makes preparations accordingly.*) I assure you, I shall consider it a great honor, to introduce the most distinguished of modern mixtures, to the most illustrious of ancient drinkers. I flatter myself, I am no mean artist in this department. You must know, my friend, that I studied under a famous old maternal uncle of mine, an ardent Tennessean. He made the greatest julep that ever found its way through a straw. Had he lived in your days, he'd have got a laurel crown for it; would have been, at least, a high-priest in the temple of Bacchus. As it *was*, his talents were not overlooked by his neighbors, and he was, for several successive sessions, the honored representative in Congress, of an admiring and appreciating constituency. But there, there, see and suck for yourself.

Anacreon. But, my dear boy, what signifies this straw? I really don't —.

Wiggins, Jun. That, my friend, is simply a contrivance for prolonging and intensifying the pleasure of the draught. So now, draw away, draw away, and be happy.

Anacreon. Ah, yes, yes, yes. I perceive. Cunning young epicure, this is an addition of your own, I dare say. Well, I must confess, this is a thing, we Samians and Athenians were not up to. Juno preserve us, what a delicious composition! How *could* I have lived so long in ignorance of such a treasure? I must insist on having a receipt for it, before I go. Ceres willing, I mean to circulate its merits all through the milky way. Yes, by Jupiter, before another comet heaves in sight. It's pretty potent, though, my young American friend, isn't it?

Wiggins, Jun. It certainly *does* carry some guns. I shouldn't like to take more than six of them before breakfast.

Anacreon. I should think not.

Wiggins, Jun. But, my old bard, do tell us, what have you been about, all this time? Where do you hail from last? And is this your first visit, since the grape-stone carried you off?

Anacreon. My very first. But that story about

the grape-stone, is an infamous libel; one of those shameful scandals, of which history is full, and which has sadly damaged my fair fame. The truth is, I caught my death-cold while going about, soliciting subscriptions from those pig-headed Abderites, for a volume of poems of a young friend of mine. But the other version, being more piquant, and discreditable to me, of course soon became current, and posterity have treated me accordingly.

Wiggins, Jun. Indeed! Well, I must say, I gave you credit for dying in harness; taking it for granted, that you were a devoted, consistent blow-hard, to the last. Your *own* poetry, you must acknowledge, is calculated to give currency to the fib in question. But where are you from, now?

Anacreon. From Arcturus, as you earth-worms call it. Its real name is Solsmithia. There has been an effort made, lately, however, to change it to Washingtonia, in compliment to a countryman of yours.

Wiggins, Jun. Well, how are they there? What's going on? How are they off for money? Are internal improvements flourishing? Are they suffering from drought? How did the crops look, when you left? How high does the thermometer ever go there? Are they Fogies or Progressives? Do they prefer Channing or Chalmers? Do they use the

Westminster Catechism there? Are they at all interested in our coming Presidential struggle? Which would sell fastest there, Uncle Tom's Cabin, or the Bleak House? Does the drama prosper? Does—

Anacreon. Stop, stop, stop, my youthful Gothamite. Pray, what paper are you reporter for, that you would pump me, in this precipitate and uncourteous style?

Wiggins, Jun. I ask your pardon, my dear old friend. Mine is a rapid, impulsive nature, as you see, and like the rest of my countrymen, I hunger and thirst after information, of all sorts. But, really now, what have you interesting to offer? Where were you last evening?

Anacreon. Well, if you must know, I was at the theatre.

Wiggins, Jun. Ah, and what were they playing?

Anacreon. One of Shakspeare's tragedies.

Wiggins, Jun. Indeed! Which one, pray?

Anacreon. It was called *Caius Marius*.

Wiggins, Jun. What? Oh, yes, I see, I see; something which he has written since he left us.

Anacreon. I know not that. But I *do* know that it was one of the most magnificent things my old ears ever listened to. To be sure, it was not altogether in keeping with our old fashioned, contracted, Greek notions of Tragedy. There was quite too

great a mixture of Thalia and Melpomene, to suit a votary of Æschylus ; but still, a glorious affair, and gloriously rendered. Never before have I heard such cordial, such tumultuous applause, in any theatre, in any star. You ought to be very proud, and so ought I, that Earth should have been the honored birth-place of such a genius.

Wiggins, Jun. You may well say that.

Anacreon. His plays are fast making their way, all over the universe. I have met a good many clever fellows, from both hemispheres of this interesting little gooseberry of a planet of ours, in the course of my spiritual career ; but it is universally admitted that Will Shakspeare is, by all odds, the finest specimen of a ghost that ever left it.

Wiggins, Jun. Oh, how delighted I am, to hear you talk so, my dear old bibber of Chian, and immortalizer of grasshoppers ! You haven't happened to stumble over one *John Falstaff*, in your travels, lately, have you ?

Anacreon. Falstaff, Falstaff ? Let me see. What, the philanthropist ?

Wiggins, Jun. Pshaw !

Anacreon. Falstaff ? Oh yes, now I recall him. A plump, comely figure, full of his fun. Yes, yes ; I know the ghost well. A sad dog ; terribly given to joking and drinking. I met him last, in Georgi-

Wiggins, Jun. Well, I must own, I thought Printing was a modern improvement; but if you say otherwise, I, of course, knock under.

Anacreon. We had our railroads, too, and omnibuses.

Wiggins, Jun. Railroads?

Anacreon. Why do you echo me thus? yes, Railroads. Not merely your small roads, either, like that from Athens to the Piræus, for transporting stone and merchandize; but good long roads, for the accommodation of passengers, such as that from Corinth to Thebes, and the one from Sardis to Dardanus; both built, and in fine running order, two centuries, at least, before the time of Pericles. I ought to know, for I've traveled on them both, many a time.

Wiggins, Jun. You don't happen to remember the names of the makers of the locomotives, do you?

Anacreon. What are you sneering at? Did I say that the trains were propelled by steam? No, no. *That* invention, I grant you, is a sprout of modern wisdom. Nor did we have lightning, either, to deliver our messages; but with those two exceptions, the world seems to me pretty much the same now, in A. D., 1852, as it was in the days when I went gipseying, in A. C. 600.

Wiggins, Jun. But, Anacreon, in some respects, you surely see great changes. In comforts, in man-

ners, in morals, in religion ; you certainly must confess, there are great improvements in these things.

Anacreon. Not so great. Then, as now, my young friend, the great mass of the world were pretty poor devils. The idle, and selfish, and miserable were the rule, the industrious, the pure, the lovely were the exception. *Is it otherwise, to-day ?* Then, as now, there was a grand and simple faith for the thoughtful few, while for the masses, there were wild creeds, of all denominations, stuffed with monstrous legends, and rites defaced with image-worship. And is it not the same, this blessed summer's evening ? Wasn't I at St. Peter's only two short hours ago ? And didn't I witness the mummeries, there ? And were they not quite, (I do not say as bloody,) but quite as revolting to the understanding, as anything I ever saw in the temple of Jupiter Olympius ?

Wiggins, Jun. Why, you sceptical old ghost and pitcher, how dare you talk thus in these days, and, above all, in these diggings ? You ought to be ashamed to traduce and belie so, our industrious and enlightened era. We had better change the subject.

Anacreon. Perhaps we had. To say truth, I have never been very sound in my theological views, either in the human or ghostly state. But I must positively be off, for I have got an engagement to

breakfast, to-morrow morning, with the great Aristotle himself.

Wiggins, Jun. May I ask where ?

Anacreon. In the fifth Pleiad. I somewhat expect to meet my old translator, Cowley, there, too. So give me the receipt for this charming cordial of yours, and let me go.

Wiggins, Jun. Wait a moment. (*He goes out, and returns soon after, with a bottle and the receipt.*) There, my friend, there is your prescription, and here is a bottle of the finest Madeira extant. I have reason to know that it stood in the cellar of the great George Washington himself, in the year of grace 1795. Do me the favor to accept it, and don't fail to drink the patriot's health in it, to-morrow, and make your friends do the same.

Anacreon. I am, indeed, unworthy of an honor like this. Well, well, I must be off. Farewell.

Wiggins, Jun. Addio. I hope it will not be so many lustrums, after all, before we see each other again.

Anacreon. Minerva grant it! Meanwhile, my dear boy, *vive valeque.* (*Exit Anacreon, through the ceiling, with bottle and prescription.*)"

It is indeed strange, that at the very time that the younger Wiggins, and the toddy-loving bard of

Greece, were holding the above recorded spiritual conversation, his excellent father was having an interview, in the room directly overhead, with a far more illustrious and exemplary ghost, i. e., that of Socrates. He, too, it appears, made a transcript of their talk, and in the same dialogue form, for my kinsman's edification. I shall subjoin a slight extract from his letter upon the subject:

"(*Wiggins senior, laying down his tea-cup, continues.*)

Wiggins, Sen. On the whole, then, Socrates, I may infer, from what you have said, that you have been decidedly startled by the developments that have taken place in the planet, since your last visit?

Socrates. Most emphatically so. I should be the most uncandid of ghosts, were I to say otherwise. Especially have I been impressed by the phenomena presented by your (to us, unknown) America, and by this, the queen-city thereof. 'Tis but a few short hours since I was at Athens. I speak not of that shabby, upstart town, that has sprung out of its ruins, like some vile weed shooting up from the trunk of a fallen, crumbling oak, and which a stupid Austrian so shamefully misgoverns; but of the dear, old Athenæ herself, once so splendid, now so shattered; the Athenæ of my boyhood. Ah, how it made

my heart bleed, to behold such desolation ! (*Here the Express train for Albany went by ; ten large cars, filled with passengers, and flying along in great style, after one of Rogers, Ketchum, and Grosvenor's spunkiest locomotives, which was dressed out in flags and evergreens, and shone like a gold dollar. Socrates rushed to the window, gazed till it was out of sight, and was evidently most profoundly impressed. Looking volumes, he, however, said nothing, and after a while, resumed thus :*) But, as I was going to remark, what was Athens herself, in her palmiest days, alongside of this superb Gotham of yours ? I cheerfully admit its vast superiority, alike in position, population, dimensions, trade, and resources ; in its width of streets, brilliancy of shops, extent of markets ; in all that pertains unto ventilation, purification, and illumination ; in its schools and hospitals ; in its Exchange and Custom House ; in its capacious warehouses and colossal hotels. We men of Attica certainly *were* mere babies in comparison with you, in all these matters, ay, and in all things relating to currency and banking. We were profoundly ignorant of Fire, Marine, Life, or Health insurance ; of Stock lists and Annuity tables ; of Art Unions and Building Associations ; of ocean steamers and electric telegraphs ; of Penny-Posts and the Penny

Press ; of commercial law, and trial by jury. We had neither Star Police, nor Fire Department ; Board of Health, nor Chamber of Commerce ; Bible House, nor Tract Society. No, we had not, in all Greece, a solitary corporation, or association for benevolent purposes ; not an asylum for widow or orphan, drunkard or lunatic. I should, indeed, be the most narrow-minded and bigoted of ghosts, to be blind to, or to withhold my admiration from, improvements like these. I—

Wiggins, Sen. (earnestly interrupting him.) True, true, my dear old friend ; but then again, you had no boilers to burst, no powder-mills to explode, no railroad collisions, no infernal hack-drivers to deal with, no omnibus-driving sons of Belial to run over you, no beastly Mormons and Millerites, no Empire Clubs, no Buffalo Platforms, no peripatetic swine, no Perrine pavements, no—

Socrates. Stop, stop, my estimable modern friend. Don't get so excited. I confess, I understand not many of the items of annoyance to which you so feelingly allude ; but how unreasonable for any age or nation of earth to expect an entire exemption from those nuisances, cares, sorrows, evils, that are an inherent, essential part of this, our terrestrial pilgrimage ! What were the discipline of life worth without them ? But, at the same time, that you

moderns have improved wonderfully upon the performances of us men of Greece, subtle and nimble-witted as we were, in pretty much all matters relating either to bodily comfort or to mental growth, is to me, a truth as clear as the blessed sun-light. (*Socrates here took up a superb gold combination of pen and pencil, that was lying on W.'s table.*) Look at *that*, now, for example; that beautiful product of invention and skill. So compact, and portable, and shapely; that performs so many useful offices so unostentatiously; that at once writes and seals your notes, and erases your blots, and tells you the day of the month; that carries its own ammunition, too, and that will be able to render the same services, if need be, to your children, and children's children. What, in its line, could we Athenians get up, to be named in the same century with it? (*Wiggins senior here insisted upon the sage's acceptance of the same, as a feeble token of his respect.*) I might go on, and illustrate my point, by almost every article that my eye lights on, in this pleasant library of yours, but I will not so tax your patience. Nor will I dwell upon the enlarged boundaries of science, the amazing development of the useful arts and manufactures, the vast and momentarily increasing diffusion of wholesome, practical knowledge, through the world, and above all, the improved and elevated con-

dition of woman. Oh, my friend, you ought to feel grateful, profoundly grateful, that your lot has been cast in these days of light and peace, and in this land of promise.

Wiggins, Sen. This is very kind and courteous in you, Socrates.

Socrates. Not at all, not at all. I am no flatterer. I speak the words of truth and soberness. Least of all, would I disparage my own dear native Greece, fallen, sadly fallen as she is; nor would I abandon the hope of her ultimate redemption. Not all the varied experiences of all the spheres I have since visited, have been able to eradicate from my heart my deep love for Athens, the starting point of my spiritual pilgrimage. I love her blue skies and stately hills. I weep over her ruins. I delight to dwell upon her great ones, and to hold converse with them; bards, sculptors, architects, statesmen, patriots, philosophers. What a galaxy of shining lights adorned Attica, in my little day on earth! Single luminaries have since appeared upon it, more brilliant, I grant you. We had no poet like Shakspeare, no patriot like Washington, no statesman like Webster; still, as a whole, as a constellation of men of genius, they stand, and I believe will stand, without peer or parallel on the pages of human history.—And yet, as an honest ghost, I am constrained to

admit the immeasurable superiority of your republic over ours. In the loftiness of its origin, in the exquisite construction of its government, in its amazing wealth of woods, and mines, and waters, and of keen-witted men who know how to use and develope them, in its boundless capacities and resources of all sorts, it presents a spectacle never before seen on earth ; a spectacle, certainly, which it never entered into the heart of the wisest and best Amphictyon of us all, to conceive. Nay, I should as soon think of comparing my feeble claims to the character of teacher and example, with those of the great inspired Man of Judea, as of comparing the history of Greece with that of your own glorious land ; glorious as she already is, a thousand fold glorious, as the future will reveal her."

In a subsequent part of the conversation, Socrates takes the other tack, somewhat ; but I have hardly thought it worth while to transcribe it. In it, he rallies us pretty freely, though courteously, and like a ghost of truly enlarged experience, upon the unparalleled velocity with which we all, sucklings as well as adults, devour our nutriment. He glances, also, at the formidable volleys of tobacco-juice that are incessantly discharged, alike on both sea-boards, and in the great valley of the Mississippi ; disfigur-

ing equally the senate and the sanctuary ; marring the beauty, alike of the flowers in our gardens, and of those in our carpets ; a habit, he says, utterly unknown to ancient Greece, and to any other planet he has visited. He speaks of the unnatural and slavish devotion of so many of our *patres familiarum* to business, and their consequent neglect of the refinements and amenities of social life. He comments earnestly, on the frightfully premature manhood of our small boys. He says on this point, by way of illustration, that a morning or two previous, he had witnessed a lad, hardly two feet long, puffing away vigorously at a native American segar, of at least half that length ; and that, on stopping to remonstrate with him on such a course, the only reply the urchin made was, (putting his fingers to his nose,) ‘ Yes-sir-ree, fourth since breakfast.’ He speaks also of the sad neglect of works of art, throughout the country, and of the paucity of statues in the squares of our large cities, which, as an Athenian, he greatly misses. He also takes the government to task for their suicidal policy on the subject of the Tariff, being, he says, like his illustrious predecessor, Solon, a warm friend and advocate of Domestic Industry.

The following is from a letter to Nubbins :

"I just now ran against my queer, reckless friend ———. Poor fellow, he was, as usual, terribly under the influence of drink. He rattled away in the most eccentric style; saying some pretty pungent things, at times, more grotesque ones, and a great many, of course, that he had far better have kept to himself. He is, indeed, a pretty hard case, and his future a painfully certain one. And yet, with all his folly and dissipation, he is such a good-natured, generous soul, that one can't help liking him.

In the course of our interview, I jocosely alluded to certain little advances I had made him recently. He replied by asking me, if I was a good whistler. 'For if you are,' said he, 'you will have ample opportunity of exercising your talents in that line, on all the popular overtures of the day, and if *not*, time enough to master the art, before I'm in funds! This was cool, certainly.

He then went on to say, that he had been swindled out of his little earnings, some time since, by a nefarious Wall-street speculator, who had lied to him about the inexhaustible resources of a copper mine, somewhere near the antipodes, and that, in the fullness of his faith, he had embarked his all therein, the very day before a terrific explosion of the whole concern. This statement, however, I confess, sounded to me very much like an extemporaneous and un-

alloyed fib. 'But,' said I, 'how came you to run through your little paternal inheritance, in such a foolish, furious style?' 'What paternal inheritance? humbug. Not a penny did I ever receive from the old gentleman. Inheritance, indeed! Alas, all that I ever inherited, was a propensity for strong drink. Charming property to hold, is it not? That kind of property, too, seems to obey the canons of inheritance, as you lawyers call them, much more cheerfully than any other. We descendants of illustrious families, are pretty sure of the gout and glory, but the lands and goods, somehow, prefer other channels.'

'Well,' I replied, 'be that as it may, one thing is pretty clear; you are not on the road to wealth now.'

'Oh, no,' said he, 'no, but I *am* on the road to ruin; and, as you evidently think, traveling behind a right fast nag, too. Well, well, there's a crowd of us; that's a comfort. The avenue is black with travelers. Satan's recruiting officers seem to be much more cunning than the Lord's. *They* never go home empty handed.'

'How *can* you talk in this reckless, this abominable way? I should really think, from the tone of your remarks, that you considered all the duties of life mere jokes, and responsibility an obsolete idea. For shame, my dear fellow, for shame! Wake up, now, and mend your ways. Make an honest effort to redeem your reputation, pay your debts, and—'

‘Pay my debts ! a pretty notion, to be sure. *I* pay my debts ! Why, my boy, I could no more live without them, than I could without my dram. A man must have *something* to think of, something to amuse himself with, in the morning, before jumping out of bed. Don’t be so cruel.’

‘Pshaw, don’t talk such trash.’

But he *would* rattle on, and more wildly and absurdly than before. He wished, among other things, that the era of flying machines would arrive, in his day. He so longed to see a grand ærial encounter of a thousand or two winged bailiffs, with their victims. What a subject for a Salvator Rosa ! He then wondered whether Gabriel Ravel ever discharged an obligation. *He* wouldn’t, if he had one-tenth part of his talent as an Acrobat. It would be so easy to dodge the deputy, by throwing somersets, jumping out of three-story windows, climbing to the top of lightning-rods, etc. He then asked me a legal question, full as ridiculous as one young Wiggins put the other day, i. e., Whether service of process on defendant was good, said defendant standing on his head, at the time, surrounded by fireworks ?

He continued this grotesque strain of remark for some time, saying many things, which, however acceptable in a bar-room, and worthy of the applause of brother dram-drinkers, could not fail to wound the feelings of a sober-minded, conscientious man.

You will accuse me of levity, perhaps, my dear friend, in reporting these same absurdities, with so much apparent relish. On reflection, I fear that I must plead guilty to the charge. This is, indeed, no theme for jesting. No, no. Sad, sad spectacle, indeed, to behold a young man throwing himself away thus, wasting his precious hours, neglecting his privileges, running away from all his legitimate duties and affections, and rushing headlong to an early and inglorious end. A man of his abilities, too, and comely appearance, and good address; that has so much in him, that if duly cultivated, would render him not only useful, but highly ornamental to society. To see him sacrificing talents and prospects like his, on such unworthy altars; instead of strengthening and enlarging his faculties, by regular and methodical studies, wasting them upon flashy novels and flashier newspapers; forsaking the glorious company of Shakspeare and Milton and Wordsworth, for that of Negro Melodists and caricaturists; preferring the applause of a pot-house, and the admiration of a brothel, to all the privileges and endearments of home; in a word, turning the grand and solemn drama of life into a contemptible and pitiful extravaganza!—Yes, my friend, you are right. Such a spectacle as this, is no theme for laughter. Clowns may grin at it; knaves may sneer over it; but the blessed angels

above, what say they to such a terrible perversion of God's good gifts, as this ?

There is but one sight more painful than this, and that is, to behold an old man pursuing the same reckless career ; forgetting his own dignity, turning his back upon all the decencies of life, and going carousing about the streets, showing his red, bloated face in theatres, and playing the buffoon in bar-rooms ; instead of spending the evening of his days in thoughtful tranquillity, and making his peace with his Maker, keeping company with harlots and horse-jockeys, singing the praises of dancing girls, and discussing the merits of prize-fighters : or if not exposing himself thus disgracefully, at least privately degrading and ruining himself, making shipwreck of all his hopes, turning his house into a hell ; wilfully and deliberately immolating himself, soul, body and estate, on the altar of the fiend, Rum, or that still more subtle, cruel demon, Opium.

Ah, my friend, why *will* men persist in such fearful, fatal courses ? Why will they thus keep planting thorns in their own pillows, and in those of their kindred ? By what cunning sorcery of Satan is it, that one whom God has endowed with beauty, and genius, to whom he has given friends, and a glorious theatre for the exercise of his abilities, will, nevertheless, deliberately mar his own comeliness, take all

its lustre from his eye, all nobility from his countenance, blot out his Maker's own superscription, fill his heart with bitterness and anguish, his memory with thorns and nettles, surrender his imagination to foul, hideous spectres, ay, madly pull to pieces the glorious fabric of his understanding, and reduce all within him to wild anarchy and chaos? What would we say to the man, who would wantonly dash against the pavement, a delicate Geneva watch, that masterpiece of human skill and invention, without one look of regard or reverence for its fair face, its exquisite machinery, its beautiful ministrations unto human comfort? Would we not shrink back, in horror and disgust, from such a wretch? And yet, how feeble an image is this, of the mad act of self-mutilation and destruction, of which the drunkard is guilty!

But I am at the end of my sheet, whereat I doubt not, you rejoice greatly. I began this epistle, I confess, in a somewhat reckless and mocking spirit; I conclude it, as too many of the (so-called) frolics of the world are apt to conclude, in sadness and self-reproach. Addio."

The extract that follows, is from a queer epistle to his friend Wiggins:

"Waggles looked in, a few moments since. He didn't altogether seem the picture of happiness. On

the contrary, he was decidedly nervous and fidgety. He was arrayed in rather tight black garments, with white vest, patent leather boots, and white choker ; a costume which he does not greatly relish, nor particularly shine in. There was no avoiding it, however, on this occasion ; for he was inextricably involved, (as second groomsman, I believe,) in a wedding ceremony, and any attempt to dodge his duties, at that late hour especially, would have covered him with infamy forever.

The very first words he uttered on entering, were, 'Do I look like the infernal fool, I feel?' I, of course, endeavored to comfort him ; told him that he glittered like the morning star, cheering and decorating the sphere he moved in, etc ; to all which, he most ungraciously replied, Get out. He then proceeded to give himself a thorough inspection in the glass ; he was evidently not at all charmed with the result, and I regret to add, cursed successively every article of attire he had on. Especially did he, and in his own absurd, whimsical style, blaspheme his gloves ; wished to heaven that the kid was still on the back of its original owner, and that that owner was, at that very moment, frisking about among the Himalayas, and that *Le. Waggles*, was there with him. He then proceeded to curse the very organization of society itself, and every usage of polite life ;

said he had always longed for the freshness of feeling, and freedom from restraint, of the nomadic state ; that he thought it far more suited to the development of the manly virtues ; that he really believed Red Jacket was a greater and better man than Washington, etc. He added, that it was perfectly absurd to call this a land of freedom, while a man's neck was incarcerated in such a cravat as he then had on, and his feet imprisoned in such infernally tight boots.—He concluded his absurdities, by fervently thanking his Maker, that there was no such thing as marrying or giving in marriage, aloft. He then asked for a little weak brandy and water, without which, he said, he should never be able to ‘face the music.’

Unfortunate Waggles ! And yet, I must confess, I enjoyed his distress ; far too much, for a consistent Christian. He evidently spoke from a full heart.—He *would* have given worlds to have got out of the scrape. He would have been cheerfully resigned to almost any domestic calamity in the family either of bride or groom, that would have postponed the ceremony. An intervening convulsion of nature, or conflagration, or even deluge, would have been welcomed by him. So terribly averse is he to being at all conspicuous on occasions of this sort.

He has the same emphatic dislike of funerals. He expressed himself, at great length, on that subject,

the other day. He said, among other sensible things, that he wouldn't even go to his own, if he could help it; confessed that he had recently declined acting as a pall-bearer, on the ground of a purely fictitious chronic rheumatism; he added, that, to be sure, there seemed to be some excuse for such ceremonies, when a burning and shining light went out, like a Clay or Wellington, but that in the case of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of the ten thousand occupants of the Directory, funeral rites were most egregious and expensive humbugs; that the last time he took a ride in a procession of that nature, the other three co-occupants of the carriage, so far from making the remotest allusions to the character or even property of the deceased, were furiously discussing the respective claims of Lewis Cass and Zackary Taylor, to the highest office in the gift of the people, and moreover betting freely on the result of the approaching struggle. He gave other illustrative anecdotes upon this point, of a still more piquant character, and finally remarked that, in view of the whole ground, he had given his friends most explicit directions, that in sending the usual announcement to the papers, at the time of his departure, the words, *No Funeral*, should be annexed, in large capitals.

Thus did he on this, thus does he on all themes,

pour out a flood of eccentricities and absurdities.— You alone, my dear Wiggins, surpass him in the extent, volubility, and extravagance of your whimsicalities.

I have no doubt, Dr. ———, of the 57th Street Presbyterian Church, thinks you both, and myself also, three of the most desperate, God-abandoned sinners in the hemisphere; to which we all reply, with cordial unanimity, ‘ You be hanged !’

P. S. I deem it my duty to inform you, that the Hudson still continues to pursue its stately course unto the sea, notwithstanding the demise of ———, late President of the Popocatepetl Health Insurance Company. The statements to the contrary, in a certain mendacious and ill-natured journal, are utterly without foundation.”

The elder Wiggins thus writes him, in the summer of 1840. A regard for truth forces me to say, that the date and post-mark of the epistle do not agree :

Caughnavaga, 4 Corners, Aug. 18, 1840.

VENERATED FRIEND :

I write you from this sweet retreat, simply because I swore I would when we parted ; but, hang me, if I was ever so cornered for epistolary data, before, in the whole course of my life. I am here on busi-

ness, of course. No pleasure-traveler would squander a second of his short life, on such a hole as this. Its name, it must be confessed, is an impressive one, though rather difficult for a foreigner to do justice to. It is the only impressive thing, however, within cannon-shot. The scenery is execrably flat and insipid. Even Wordsworth, who could make a very pig-pen poetical, would have to knock under here. The tavern is among the very worst in our favored land. The beds are hard, the fare harder, and the apple-jack at the bar, (the only liquor in either of the four townships that touch at this point,) the hardest article to take that I ever encountered. I am convinced that the due circulation of that apple-jack would do more to promote the cause of temperance, than any amount of popular oratory. The newspapers of the establishment are very sparse, and very stale. No horse-pond was ever half so stagnant as the mind of the landlord. He means to do one good thing, however, if he lives, for which I give him credit, and that is, to vote for Old Tippecanoe in November: I didn't embarrass him by asking his reasons. I have just had a little chat with the village doctor. He seems a worthy soul, though I confess I shouldn't like to have any very obstinate or complicated disorder lay hold of me, during my stay. From the eagerness with which he accepted a segar I offered

him, I am compelled to draw unfavorable inferences as to the origin and properties of those sold at the bar.

I was just thinking what a resident of old Babylon, in her palmy days, would have said to a spot like this ; or how a citizen, accustomed to the magnificent spectacle presented by 'royal London, in luxuriant May,' would receive a proposition to spend the evening of life here. Between ourselves, I don't think Napoleon could have *ever* been contented to stop, even long enough to change horses. A young married couple ought to be all in all to each other here, for heaven knows there is nothing in the surroundings to call them off from their endearments.

And yet, my dear friend, let me be just. I really do think, I could get far more interested in Edwards on the Will, in Caughnawaga, than I possibly could on the Lake of Como. And though I do not believe any historical event ever did, or by any possibility will, originate here, I can conceive of no place where a thorough course of historical reading would be less likely to be disturbed.

The mosquitoes are not very numerous in this section, but they fully make up in zeal and intrepidity, for any deficiency in forces. They bit me all through the night, last night, driving off sleep far more effectually than remorse itself. I couldn't help contrast-

ing the energy, and persistency of their nocturnal labors, with the dullness and listlessness of their victims through the day. In any other village in the land, I could have got through the business that called me here, in a couple of hours, but I foresee two more dreary days ahead.

I attended church yesterday morning, but *not*, I am constrained to say, unto edification. The services were very spiritless, and the preacher no relation to St. Paul. His subject was the utter unavailability of good works alone, to secure salvation. He was just fifty-seven minutes upon it; a most injudicious length, I thought, considering that the thermometer, had there been one in the village, would have ranged in the neighborhood of ninety. Indeed, from the suspicious stillness of seven-eighths of the congregation, and the restlessness of the remainder, I couldn't help feeling that the effort in question was, spiritually speaking, an unproductive one. Nor should I like to have exchanged a fifty cent piece for the proceeds of the collection that was taken up after it.

Do you not agree with me, my excellent friend, that all preaching ought to be suspended during the dog-days? If we had the powers of endurance of angels, accustomed as they are to out-door exposure, in all weathers, the case would be different; but I

confess, I don't think Whitfield himself could have alarmed my conscience, or Jeremy Taylor secured my attention, yesterday.

'That will do, Wiggins. You have scribbled off absurdities enough for one sitting.' So, my friend, you are doubtless saying at this very moment. Most true. But you must remember where I write from; a place without even a barber's shop; the postmaster whereof is likewise its grocer, apothecary, and bookseller; a place where the very menageries won't condescend to stop over night; where, as the doctor above referred to, told me yesterday, he didn't believe a fish had been caught within the last twelve-month, or an ounce of lead discharged at bird or squirrel in the last ten years. Indeed, the only evidence I can detect, of anything in the shape of recreation having ever taken place in the village, is the ruins of a bowling alley behind the house, long since surrendered to the pigs and chickens. What a spot for Byron! How the Duke of Devonshire would relish it! When I think of Chatsworth, and then of this and the contiguous townships, I confess I am puzzled, and the problem of human destiny seems farther from solution than ever. One more remark, dear W., and I will release you; and that is, that if an angel were straightway to appear before me, and say. 'Come now, Wiggins, take your pick. I here-

by offer you ten short years of life in Paris, on the one hand, and ten terms, each long as Methusaleh's, in Caughnawaga 4 Corners, on the other,' I should instantly reply, the former. And so no more at present from your old fool of a friend."

The next extract is from a letter to Nubbins :

"Our excellent and eccentric friend —— has just left me, after a long interview ; I was going to say conversation, but somehow or other, he managed, in spite of me, to keep the floor about forty-nine fiftieths of the time.

The doctrine which he, with his customary ardor, was endeavoring to force upon me, was this : that there was no faith in the world, religious or otherwise, worthy of consideration, but what was a deduction of the understanding. He didn't seem to like it at all, that I would not be brought to swallow this unqualified and all sweeping proposition ; while I, on the other hand, I confess, couldn't help wondering how a man of his intelligence and acuteness could have ever advanced it.

No faith worth having, but what is a deduction of the understanding ! What then are the poor cooks and chambermaids to do, and all the hard-working men and women of the earth, whom God has given

but a poor penny-worth of understanding, at best, and who have neither time nor means to cultivate that little? Where are the poor things to go, and what have you to offer them in exchange for those soul-comforting superstitions, which you thus summarily demolish? What blessed string of abstract propositions do you propose substituting, as a stay and staff unto them, in their hours of sorrow, and sickness, and death, for a bleeding Saviour and a Mother in heaven? What philosophical analysis of opinions do you intend holding up, as a stimulus to the self-sacrificing labors of the humble Sisters of Mercy, when you have thus, in one little sentence, swept into oblivion the sacred rites, and mysteries, and symbols, and legends, that have been as lamps unto their feet, and lights unto their path, in their ceaseless ministrations unto human wretchedness? What beautiful and orderly array of maxims and of doctrines do you stand ready with, to fill the vacuum, after having thus deprived our bibles of nine-tenths of their contents, by this unceremonious dismissal of every text that will not come within the grasp of our feeble intellects and narrow experience? Are not these, my friend, among the inevitable results of such a proposition as the above? It really seems to me that the announcement of it, in this unqualified shape, would hardly be becoming and appropriate, even in

an assembly of seraphim. Even they can hardly be supposed to have solved all the problems of the Universe ; but for frail, feeble man to take such ground, and to insist upon the application of such a doctrine as this, to human opinions and conduct, is most unreasonable, nay, preposterous. You have only to carry it out, and the Bible would be of little more value as a devotional book, than the Practical Navigator itself, and the demonstration of a proposition in Euclid quite as appropriate a pulpit exercise, as an appeal to the throne of grace.

I am aware, dear N., that you put a very low valuation upon my theological opinions, and so I say no more on this part of the doctrine ; but bear with me for a moment, while I apply it to other kinds of faith, The faith, then, that friend has in friend, that the wife has in her husband, the child in its parent, the servant in his master ; that faith that Old Adam bears witness to, when he says,

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty ;

the faith which makes Desdemona say,

Unkindness may do much,
And *his* unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love ;

that unquestioning, soul-absorbing, heart-surrendering faith which the good subject hath in his good king, the patriot in his good cause, the exile in his Father-Land; the faith that lays its head upon the block, without a murmur, to redeem its friend; that chains the slave to his dying master's bed-side; that defies alike the heat of the tropics and the terrors of the pole, while searching for the loved and lost; do not, in the name of all that is dear and sacred, do not confound an all-sustaining, mountain-removing, miracle-working faith like this, with that which is a mere creature of the understanding. Do not bring it down to the level of those operations, whereby we arrive safely at the end of a mathematical problem, or test the truth of a logarithm, or follow at the heels of a labyrinthine argument in chancery.

The faith that piloted Columbus, that guided the pencil of Raffaele, and the chisel of Michael Angelo, that makes discoverers, poets, heroes, martyrs, do not thus wilfully neglect and dishonor it, while chanting the praises of that which merely deals in cube roots and conic sections, almanacs and annuity-tables. Do, for heaven's sake, make some little distinction between your Bible and your Daboll, your Shakspeare and your City Directory. Do not shed all your tears over a volume of Congressional documents, but reserve a few, at least, for the dear old

Vicar of Wakefield. Make an honest effort to detect, if you can, in the pages of Rosamond Gray, an hundredth part of those beauties that so rivet your gaze, in the leaves of that veteran bank-book.

But, dear Nubbins, I spare you any further discussion of this subject, at present. I was going, at first, to apologize for this feeble attempt to smuggle a sermon into a letter; but when I reflected upon the frightful length, abominable sentiments, and still more abominable handwriting, of your last to me, and above all upon the amount of postage which it cost me, I speedily retracted, and do hereby retract the same, nay, regret that I have not doubled the dose. Adieu."

The passage that follows, is from a letter to his friend Waggles:

"I did a thing yesterday, dear W., which my wife reproved me for, afterwards, with a good deal of eloquence. Allow me to state the facts to you. You must know, then, that I was going, at the time, with Mrs. W. upon my arm, and the youngsters behind us, to our accustomed place of worship, when just as we were within about fifty yards of the church, a desperate fight suddenly sprung up, of the most sanguinary and exciting nature, between two superb Newfoundland dogs of the neighborhood, which of

course deeply interested all the by-passers. I thereupon told my wife to go ahead with the children, and that I would soon overtake them, intimating, somewhat jesuitically, an intention to help part the combatants; my real motive, I confess, being an unwillingness to lose sight of so grand a spectacle. The encounter was a long and bloody one, notwithstanding the attempts of owners and others to separate them. Indeed, before it was fairly over, and the excitement had subsided, a good half hour had elapsed; by which time the services of the sanctuary had so far advanced that I thought it hardly the thing, especially in my excited state of mind, to disturb them by entering. I remained quietly outside, therefore, till the church was out. On rejoining Mrs. W., she expressed the utmost indignation at my conduct; said she was perfectly disgusted at the lowness of my tastes; to think that I should thus willfully neglect my duty to my Maker, for the sake of seeing a paltry dog-fight; she wondered, too, how I could possibly set such an abominable example to my children; in a word, she gave me a most forcible and effective scolding.

I must confess, my dear Waggles, that I cannot altogether justify my course. It *was* a reprehensible one, and the motive I alleged for it at the time, was not the true one. Had I been a Hogarth, now,

still more a Landscaper, there *might* have been some shadow of an excuse for me ; for there certainly *were* several tableaux got up, in the course of the struggle, that any artist might have studied with profit. Or had I been a poet, in search of similes for some forthcoming epic or tragedy, my conscience would not have reproached me with the same keenness. As it is, I must plead guilty to Mrs. W.'s accusation. Yes, I was in quest of that low excitement, which a fight of any kind, human, canine, feline, or porcine, never fails to furnish. To my shame be it spoken, I take an interest in such exhibitions. Nay, I have even looked more than once with criminal relish, upon a terrible broomstick encounter, as well of passionate maidens, as of venerable matrons, in the Eternal City, and other parts of classic Italy, not to speak of similar entertainments at the Five Points.

The more I reflect upon it, the more convinced am I, my dear friend, that man is by nature a sanguinary creature. Most boys are cruel. Most men love to shed blood, and to look on while others are shedding it. Humiliating as the fact is, yet who dare deny it? Yes, we take a fierce, savage delight in seeing it flow, alike from sword and lancet, alike in the shambles and on the battle-field ; from the tens of thousands of slaughtered victims of a Cannae or a Waterloo, as well as from the noses of the first couple

of pugnacious school boys, that we stumble over in the streets. We love to read about it in histories, and to gaze upon it in battle-pieces. The greatest butcher that ever cursed the earth, is he not the very man whose biography is devoured with the greatest avidity, by young and old, and in all the languages of Earth? The poet, is he not more inspired than ever, when he sings about it, and does not the historian lay out all his strength upon his battles? The man that sheds the most of it, has he not always been the idol of the women? Have not earth's gayest garlands been woven for him, art's proudest trophies been erected in his honor! Military glory, does it not sweep everything before it in all popular elections? The words that appertain to war and bloodshed, how large a part are they of every language! Why, the Old Testament is full of carnage, and the glorious Psalms themselves, are they not crowded with warlike imagery? Even in these days of comparative light and peace, as we are so fond of styling them, what a fearful amount of bloodshed is going on all round us! How crowded are the journals with murders and duels, and suicides! Even in this enlightened metropolis, while the lectures of learned divines and professors are delivered to comparatively empty benches, how uniformly numerous and enthusiastic a gathering is there, at every cock-fight that

comes off! Nay the wisest and best of us, do we not often read the bloody details of a prize-fight unto the end, with considerable relish, even while pronouncing them the most brutal and disgusting of all exhibitions? Has it not been so, will it not be so, while Earth continues to spin? I believe it.

But you will say, this is an unsound, unwholesome, anti-christian doctrine; one that ought not to be harped upon thus, as discouraging all honest effort after amendment, as thwarting all hearty, earnest combination for bringing about a brighter and better future.

I admit the force of the argument. I feel too, how presumptuous, how worthless are the speculations, even of wise men, about that future, and especially those of a frail, ignorant sinner, like myself. At the same time, I believe the facts to be as above stated. I cannot see that the reign of peace on earth and good will to men is any nearer than ever; that the world is substantially wiser and better to-day, than it was when the Hebrews flourished; any freer from temptation and sin and sorrow. The battle of life is as hard a one to fight, as ever; the victory over evil alas, as seldom gained as ever. While Civilization and Christianity have mended our manners, and sharpened our wits, and embellished and diversified the outside of life, who will say that they have gained

any permanent conquests over the appetites and passions within us? Who will say that there is not as much struggling for power, and fame, and land, and money, and the pleasures that money commands, in this age and nation, as ever there was in Babylon or Rome? We may not rush into bloody wars, with the same eagerness and intensity, but do we not in our hearts idolize military glory, and follow at the heels of successful soldiers, with the same hurras and throwing up of caps, as ever? I believe it, and I believe it *will* be so, till the last trumpet sounds.

And why expect it to be otherwise? Why look forward to any permanent amendment in these matters? Why fondly hope to turn earth into heaven? What right have we, in this the first stage of our spiritual career, to suppose that we can attain unto those developments of character, either for good or evil, that belong to later ones? It is as unreasonable as to ask for a course of collegiate studies, in an infant school. Yes, the best of us, what are we but big babies; and we must be treated accordingly. Our knowledge *must* be of the most limited, elementary sort; our discipline must be that which appeals directly to the senses; cake and orange for the good children, rods for the offenders. There may be modifications, more or less important, in that discipline; there may be more or less comforts and conveniences

for the scholars ; but still the same primary school, the same narrow range of lessons, the same tender, feeble understandings to cope with them, the same noisy, turbulent, sensual sports, out of school hours, the same froward natures and mischievous propensities, the same necessity for the vigilant eye and strong arm of the teacher. Is not this, my friend, though faint and imperfect, yet a fair picture of human life, in all ages ?

What remains beyond ; through what varieties of untried being, we are to be conducted, in the course of our spiritual education ; whether or not, there be a point in that spiritual progress, at which the sinful soul loses all power of self-recovery, and is perforce borne onward, onward, till it becomes a perfect fiend, at last ; what, and how exalted are the employments and duties, and joys, that appertain unto the state of perfect seraph ; these are speculations which, perhaps, could hardly be dwelt upon with propriety or profit, by one, a hundred-thousand-fold wiser and better than your old friend, W."

The above is all I shall venture to transcribe at present, from the correspondence of my departed and ever-lamented kinsman. While forming but a small portion of it, it is, I think, a fair specimen of the whole, and sufficiently betrays the mental charac-

teristics of the writer. Having already spoken briefly on this point, I feel that it would hardly be becoming to say more, on this occasion.

As to the former part of this little volume, for which the Editor is more immediately responsible, it would be still more obviously improper and inappropriate for him to go into any detailed statements concerning it. Thus much however he *will* say, that on submitting it, in conjunction with the epistolary portions, to his friends and brother-members of the Whimsical Society, their verdict was a favorable one.

He first went with it to brother Scroggins, who, after a deliberate survey, remarked, 'I consider it a pre-eminently thoughtful, truthful, earnest, well-considered, instructive little volume.' As he said this, he helped himself, very freely, from the Editor's segar-case.

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Atkins returned it, with the remark, that in the present frightful and unexampled dearth of new publications, *any* work, almost, would be acceptable to the reading world. How much more so, then, a clear, unvarnished narrative of valuable facts, like this!—Every Historical Society of every land, ought to secure a copy.

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It explains fully how Don Officioso imposed, in the name—a forgery—of the Lord Conscienza, upon Goodman, keeper of Hartz Prison, by representing that this *Salander*—no other than the green monster, *Slender*—was sent by Conscienza (conscience) for incarceration in Hartz (the heart's) Prison; also how *Salander* vexed Goodman, until his wife Prynt (pry into it) got into the secret, when off she goes to Bad-Neighborhood, and confidently tells Mrs. Blab and a host of scandal-mongers that her husband has brought home a monster! This is noised speedily about, laying Goodman and his house under suspicion. To get rid of this, he is obliged to let *Salander* out of prison, and thus be quit of the imputation of fathering him.

Salander goes forth, cultivates the acquaintance of one Duke d'Envy, and a war is declared upon Goodnaim, a person heretofore in the confidence of all who knew him. During the battles between *Salander* and his host of ragamuffins and Goodnaim—who stoutly defended himself—the Fairweather Guard and Old Friends of the latter forsook him, but Goodnaim triumphed.—*The New Yorker*.

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Salander is a monster, born of Envy, and his name, without cover, is *Slender*. Hideous and hateful, his own father is not willing to keep him, but commits him to the custody of another called Goodman, the jailor of the Hartz Prison. The struggle of *Salander* to get out, the food that he is fed on while in this prison of the *Heart*, the command of Lord Conscienza, that he shall be kept confined, and no one shall know of his existence; how the jailor finally tells his wife that he has this monster, and she insists on seeing him, and promises never to mention his existence to any one, and keeps her promise for a whole week or so, and then hints it to Mrs. Snapit, and she to Mrs. Tattleby, and she to Mrs. Blab, and she to Mrs. Watovit, and so on till all the neighbors came to see the monster, and how he was finally let loose;—all this, and more, is painted with exceeding skill. *Salander*, once at liberty, goes forth to work mischief. He plots the ruin of the castle Gudnaim, and robs Stella, the wife of the baron, of a priceless jewel which she wore, more precious than any gem which ever adorned the casket of an empress; and when she was robbed, she pined away and died, and a pure and beautiful shaft was erected to her memory by her faithful husband, with this inscription—"She healed the hearts of the sorrowful while living, and broke them when she

It is a sermon that ought to be preached everywhere. It has a great truth in it. Who does not know it? Happy is he who has not felt the bitterness of the mischief which this infernal imp is working in the world. And if Mr. Shelton had done nothing else than to write this book, he would have lived to good purpose. We think the story will be read when he ceases to be heard.—*Irenæus.—New York Observer.*

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